

THE

# Ladies Magazine ;

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## THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

*A Tale.*

*[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving.]*

IN one of those ages when self-potism was the engine of resentment, of passion, of civil fury, and political rage, Alphonso, the son of Ferdinand king of Arrogan, lived. This young prince was distinguished not more by the robust valour of the times, than by the gentle and generous qualities of the heart, which are thought to belong more properly to modern manners. The son of a cruel and ruthless tyrant, he was mild, humane, and forbearing; the flattery of courtiers was heard by him with indifference, and to the fawning of sycophants he was ever averse. He led a retired life even in the bustle of a court, and devoted his hours to love and the Muses. The object of his passion was the daughter

of his father's treasurer Orlando—her name Isabella—a virgin universally admired for her extreme beauty, and the lovely qualities of her mind. She was not insensible to the passion of Alphonso, but whether from dread of Ferdinand who she was convinced had too much pride to allow his son to marry the daughter of one whom he had raised from obscurity—or whether Orlando had forbid her interviews with the young prince, she avoided meeting with the prince, who could not but venerate her prudence while he lamented the unhappy cause.

Ferdinand about this time sent for his son, and informed him of a match he had prepared for him, and which he ordered him instantly to accept—forbidding him on pain of his displeasure to offer any argument against it. Alphonso was not more alarmed at this information, than astonished at the injunction which accompanied it.

it. "Surely," thought he, "my father suspects my passion for Isabella, else why imagine that I was about to refuse his offer." Ferdinand, however, most absolute in all his commands, immediately gave orders to prepare the solemnities usual on the marriage of the king's son. Alphonso had no alternative—He flew to Isabella—and by stealth got into her apartment, notwithstanding every precaution her father had used to prevent their meeting—Fatal was that interview; he was discovered entering Isabella's apartment, and betrayed to his father by a domestic. Ferdinand, enraged beyond description, sent for Orlando, and reproaching him for encouraging an illicit connection between his son and Isabella, ordered him instantly to be beheaded; the cruel sentence was no sooner executed than the king sent some trusty servants to seize Isabella and remove her to a secret place of confinement on the borders of his dominions, and commanded her to be treated with every possible severity, and that every precaution should be taken to prevent her escape. The minions of tyrants are frequently sacrifices to their own treachery; when those servants returned to inform him that his orders were obeyed, he put every one of them to death, lest they might betray the secret of Isabella's imprisonment.

Meantime Alphonso, in the height of his despair, a thousand times meditated his own destruction; but fortitude and resignation suggesting to him that he ought

to live to redress the wrongs of Isabella, he became inspired with the romantic hope; and that he might no longer be subject to his father's tyranny, suddenly disappeared on the very morning appointed for his *detested* nuptials, as he now more than ever accounted them. Messengers were sent into every part of the kingdom to seek for him, but in vain.—Ferdinand's fury became so great as to end in madness, a disorder rendered still stronger by the recollection of his many cruelties and murders; and in a few days he died, calling upon his son to come and forgive him. The news of his death soon spread over the kingdom; and Alphonso, who had hid himself at no great distance from the city, returned, and was proclaimed king; the first act of his power was to dismiss those men who had been the agents of his father's tyranny, and redress the grievances of those subjects who had suffered by their oppression. His virtues had long been the theme of popular applause, and the whole kingdom re-echoed "Long live Alphonso!"

To Alphonso, however, these proofs of loyalty afforded little relief. The remembrance of Isabella's wrongs, nothing could efface.—His imagination represented her as in misery and distress, and his dreams were filled with horrible apparitions of her sorrows. Every means he had hitherto used to find out the place of her confinement were in vain. Such precautions were taken by Ferdinand that this might for

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ever have remained a secret had not accident discovered it.

To divert Alphonso's mind, the griefs of which had a visible effect on his person, his courtiers recommended him to visit his kingdom throughout. Alphonso, indifferent whether to live or die, careless of himself, and dead to pleasure, agreed however to their proposal. One day when he was riding near the frontiers of his kingdom, with only one attendant, he missed his way, and in endeavouring to recover it, had to go through a wood; the evening approached, and he had no hopes of being able to join the body of his guards at the village where he had left them. In this dilemma, he came up to an old tower, the greater part of which was in ruins; the only habitual part was a prison, but apparently in decay. Alighting from his horse he entered the horrible place, and ordered his attendant to tell the persons in the prison, that he was a benighted traveller, and begged shelter until morning. The keeper received him courteously, and even satisfied his curiosity as to the nature of the place, and, ignorant of the late king's death, informed him that it was a state prison, where criminals that had rendered themselves obnoxious to the king, were confined for him, but that at present there was only one lady in it.—At the word lady, Alphonso started, and in the wildest manner begged to know her name and crime. Of that the keeper told him he was perfectly ignorant; the persons who brought

her never having informed him, nor returned themselves; but that his orders were she should be kept in chains, and every possibility of escape provided against. Alphonso could contain no longer.—He begged, protested, and assured the keeper, that if he would permit him to see her, the secret should never be divulged to his prejudice.—The keeper hesitated for some time, but at length prevailed on by the tears and entreaties of the handsome stranger, in whose looks he thought he discovered something noble and generous, he conducted him to the cell, where sat a female (*see the plate*) chained down to the ground, her lovely countenance settled to a deep melancholy—but generous heavens! what were her transports and those of Alphonso! when they recognized each other—IT WAS ISABELLA!



ON FEMALE DISPUTANTS.

To the Editors.

I WAS, a few evenings ago, in a mixed company, where two ladies argued with so much warmth, for and against the play-bill—a subject on which I am sure they were not qualified to speak—that happening unluckily to sit between them, I was soon pinched black and blue by each of the violent disputants, from their eagerness to make me attend to their debates, with the full exertion of their vociferating powers.—Words indeed rose so high, and



and such bold abuse was poured out against every man supposed to have a share in *taxation*, that the whole company were disturbed by their nonsense and their noise. A gentleman present said, aptly enough, that there was certainly *no tax upon tongues*.—This is no bad hint, by the bye, for disputing people in general, especially for all ranks and degrees of women, who give themselves such an unwarrantable liberty of speech, that there is no dealing with them. They neither spare one another, nor any body else; they utter such loads of impertinence, and throw out such a number of falsehoods, that there will be no living, if something is not done to put a stop to their eternal tattling. I verily believe they take more pleasure in talking than in any one thing upon earth. One of our poets, who knew them pretty well, was of opinion, that the love of *sway* was their supreme joy. He was certainly not in the wrong, in one respect. Power is their “dear delight,” especially as it can be enjoyed in every period of their lives; even when age has rendered them unable to relish any other pleasures. But why do I talk of *age*? There is now no such thing, you know, as an *Old Woman*. The whole sex, from their *cradles* to their *coffins*, dress, dance, doat, and talk for ever and ever.—By the way, I once took upon myself to endeavour to restrain this inordinate passion to chatter in a female, who might otherwise have been tolerably agreeable. What do you think was her reply? She de-

clared that *talking* was not only good for her health, but absolutely necessary for the preservation of her existence. A very eminent physician, she said, wrote a treatise against a too solitary life, in which he asserted, that women did not require so much exercise as men; the free and liberal use which they made of their tongues, was most salutary for them; she, therefore, took every opportunity to keep up a conversation, as she found it beneficial both to her body and her mind.—When a woman has recourse to such authorities for her loquacity, what is to be done? However, if some expedient is not found out, I must give up the society of the fair sex; for I would not be placed between two such clamorous opponents again “for the seas’ worth.”

AN ENEMY TO NOISE.

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An EXTRACT.

TO be happy is the general wish of mankind, and after happiness each one pursues as his judgment may direct or his fancy dictate. Seeing all mankind are engaged in this one pursuit, we may be led to wonder why, out of so many pursuers, so few should obtain the desired object. The grand reason of this arises not, as we might expect, from the non-existence of the blessing, but from the improper conduct we use in our search. We are too apt to place happiness in a distant view, to fix it upon an unpossessible object, which we vainly imagine would, if obtained, constitute our happiness.

ACCOUNT



ACCOUNT of the interior Parts of Sumatra, and of a neighbouring Island never known to have been visited by any European. From the Philosophical Transactions in London.

THE climate is far from being so disagreeably hot as it is represented to be, or as one might expect from our vicinity to the line; the thermometer (of which I have kept a journal for a year past) is never lower in a morning at six, than 69 deg. or higher than 76 deg. At noon it varies from 79 to 88 deg. and at eight P. M. from 73 to 78 or 8e deg. I have once only seen it at 90 deg. and in the Batta country, immediately under the line, I have seen it frequently at six A. M. as low as 61 deg. We have always a sea-breeze, which sets in about nine o'clock, and continues to sun-set, and is generally pretty fresh; this tempers the heat so much, that I have never been incommoded by it (even in the midst of the day) so much as I have frequently been on a summer's day in England. Rain is very frequent here; sometimes very heavy, and almost always attended with thunder and lightning. Earthquakes are not uncommon; we have had one in particular, since my arrival, which was very violent, and did much damage in the country. There are several volcanos on the island; one within sight of Malbro, which almost constantly emits smoke, and, at the time of the earthquake, emitted fire.

The English settled here, (exclusive of the military) are be-

tween seventy and eighty, of which about fifty are at Malbro. They live full as freely as in England, and yet we have lost but one gentleman during the last six months; a proof that this climate is not very unhealthy.

The people who inhabit the coast are Malays, who came hither from the peninsula of Malacca: but the interior parts are inhabited by a very different people, and who have had hitherto no connection with the Europeans. Their language and character differ much from those of the Malays, the latter using the Arabic character; but all the interior nations which I have visited, though they differ from one another in language, use the same character.

The people between the districts of the English company, and those of the Dutch at Palimban on the other side of the island, write on long narrow slips of the bark of a tree, with a piece of bamboo; they begin at the bottom, and write from the left hand to the right, which I think is contrary to the custom of all other Eastern nations.

This country is very hilly, and the access to it exceeding difficult, there being no possibility of a horse going over the hills. I was obliged to walk the whole way, and in many places bare-foot, on account of the steepness of the precipices. The inhabitants are a free people, and live in small villages called doofans, independent of each other, and governed by its own chief [doop-atee]. All of them have laws,

some written ones, by which they punish offenders, and terminate disputes. They have almost all of them, particularly the women, large swellings in the throat, some nearly as big as a man's head, but in general as big as an ostrich's egg, like the goitres of the Alps. It is by them said to be owing to their drinking a cold white water; I fancy it must be some mineral water they mean. Near their country is a volcano: it is very mountainous, and abounds with sulphur, and I dare say with metals too, though no mines are worked here. If this distemper be produced here by this cause, perhaps in the Alpine countries it may take its origin from a similar one, and not, as has been imagined, from snow water; certain it is, there is no snow here to occasion it. In almost all the central parts from Moco-moco northwards, they find gold, and some iron; but this distemper is unknown there. I have met here with a rivulet of a strong sulphurated water, which was so hot a quarter of a mile below its source, that I could not walk across it.

The country, called the Cassia country, lies in latitude 1 deg. north, inland of our settlement of Tappanooly: it is well inhabited by a people called Bartas, who differ from all the other inhabitants of Sumatra in language, manners and customs. They have no religious worship, but have some confused idea of three superior beings; two of which are of a benign nature; and the third an evil genius, whom they stile Murgiso, and to whom they

use some kind of incantation to prevent his doing them hurt.

They seem to think their ancestors are a kind of superior beings, attendant always upon them. They have no king, but live in villages [compongs] absolutely independent of each other, and perpetually at war with one another: their villages they fortify very strongly with double fences of camphire plank, pointed, and placed with their points projecting outwards, and between these fences they put pieces of bamboo, hardened by fire, and likewise pointed, which are concealed by the grass, but will run quite through a man's foot. Without these fences they plant a prickly species of bamboo, which soon forms an impenetrable hedge.

They never stir out of these compongs unarmed; their arms are match-lock guns, which, as well as the powder, are made in the country, and spears with long iron heads. They do not fight in an open manner, but way-lay and shoot or take prisoner single people in the woods or paddy-fields.

These prisoners, if they happen to be the people who have given the offence, they put to death and eat, and their skulls they hang up as trophies in the houses where the unmarried men and boys eat and sleep. They allow of polygamy; a man may purchase as many wives as he pleases; but their number seldom exceeds eight. They have no marriage ceremony; but, when the purchase is agreed on by the father, the man kills a buffalo or a horse, invites as many people as he can;

and

and he and the woman sit and eat together before the whole company, and are afterwards considered as man and wife. If afterwards the man chooses to part with his wife, he sends her back to her relations with all her trinkets, but they keeping the purchase money; if the wife dislikes her husband, her relations must repay double the purchase-money.

A man detected in adultery, is punished with death, and the body eaten by the offended party and his friends: the woman becomes the slave of her husband, and is rendered infamous by cutting off her hair. Public theft is also punished with death, and the body eaten. All their wives live in the same house with the husband, and the houses have no partition; but each wife has her separate fire-place.

Girls, and unmarried women, wear six or eight large rings of thick brass wire about their neck, and great numbers of tin rings in their ears; but all these ornaments are laid aside when they marry.

They often preserve the dead bodies of their Radjas (by which name they call every freeman that has property, of which there are sometimes one, sometimes more, in one comping, and the rest are vassals) for three months and upwards before they bury them: this they continue to do by putting the body into a coffin well caulked with dammar (a kind of resin): they place the coffin in the upper part of the house, and having made a hole at the bottom, fit

thereto a piece of bamboo, which reaches quite through the house, and three or four feet into the ground: this serves to convey all putrid moisture from the corpse without occasioning any smell. They seem to have great ceremonies at these funerals; but they would not allow me to see them. I saw several figures dressed up like men, and heard a kind of singing and dancing all night before the body was interred: they also fired a great many guns. At these funerals they kill a great many buffaloes; every Radja, for a considerable distance, brings a buffalo and kills it at the grave of the deceased, sometimes even a year after his interment; we assisted at the ceremony of killing the 106th buffalo at a Radja's grave.

The Battas have abundance of black cattle, buffaloes and horses, all which they eat. They also have great quantities of small black dogs, with erect pointed ears, which they fatten and eat. Rats and all sorts of wild animals, whether killed by them or found dead, they eat indifferently. Man's flesh may rather be said to be eaten *in terrorem*, than to be their common food; yet they prefer it to all others, and speak with peculiar raptures of the soles of the feet and palms of the hands. They expressed much surprise on being informed that white people did not kill, much less eat, their prisoners.

These people, though cannabals, received me with great hospitality and civility; and though it was thought very dangerous for

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any European to venture among them, as they are a warlike people, and extremely jealous of strangers; yet I took only six Malays as a guard, but was escorted from place to place by thirty, forty, and sometimes one hundred of the natives, armed with match-lock guns, and matches burning.

It is from this country that most of the cassia sent to Europe is procured; and I went there in hopes of finding the cinnamon, but without success. The cassia tree grows to fifty or sixty feet, with a stem of about two feet diameter, with a beautiful regular spreading head; its flowers or fruit I could not then see, and the country people have a notion that it produces neither.

Camphire and benjamin trees are in this country in great abundance; the former grows to the size of our largest oaks, and is the common timber in use: I have seen trees near one hundred feet high. Its leaves are acuminate, and very different from the camphire tree seen in the botanic gardens, which is the tree from which the Japanese procure their camphire, by a chemical process; whereas in these trees the camphire is found native, in a concrete form. Native camphire sells here at upwards of 200l. per cwt. to carry to China; what the Chinese do to it I cannot say; but, though they purchase it at 250l. or 300l. they sell it again for Europe, at above a quarter of the money. I have never been able to see the flower of the camphire tree; some abortive fruit I have frequently found under the

trees, they are in a cup like an acorn, but the *lacinia calycis* are four or five times longer than the seed.

I have taken other journies into different parts of the interior country, never before visited by any Europeans. These journies were performed on foot, through such roads, swamps, &c. as were to appearance almost impassable. I have been hitherto so fortunate as to meet with no obstruction from the natives; but, on the contrary, have been hospitably received every where. Almost all the country has been covered with thick woods of trees mostly new and undescribed, and is not one hundredth part inhabited.

It is amazing how poor the *Fauna* of this country is, particularly in the *mammalia* and *aves*. We have abundance of the *simia gibbon* of BUEFON: they are quite black, about three feet high, and their arms reach to the ground when they stand erect; they walk on their hind legs only, but I believe very rarely come down to the ground. I have seen hundreds of them together on the tops of high trees. We have several other species of the *simia* also; but one seldom sees them but at a great distance. The *oerang outan*, or wild-man (for that is the meaning of the words) I have heard much talk of, but never seen; nor can I find any of the natives here that have seen it. The tiger is to be heard of in almost every part of this island: I have never seen one yet, though I have frequently heard them when I have slept in the woods, and often

often seen the marks of their feet. They annually destroy near one hundred people in the country where the pepper is planted; yet the people are so infatuated that they seldom kill them, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors.

Of tiger-cats we have two or three sorts; elephants, rhinoceros, elks, one or two other kind of deer, buffaloes, two or three sorts of mustelæ, porcupine, and the small hog-deer, almost complete the catalogue of our *mammalia*.

Birds I have seen very few indeed, and very few species of insects. Ants, of twenty or thirty kinds abound here, so much as to make it almost impossible to preserve birds or insects. I have frequently attempted it, but in vain.

I have met with one instance, and one only, of a stratum of fossil shells. I had some notion that it was an observation (of CONDOMINE's I think) that no such thing was to be found between the tropics.

The island of Enganho, though situated only about ninety miles to the southward of Malbro, was so little known, on account of the terrible rocks and breakers which entirely surround it, that it was even doubtful whether it was inhabited: to this island I have made a voyage. With great difficulty and danger we beat up the whole South-west side of it, without finding any place where we could attempt to land; and we lost two anchors, and had very near suffered shipwreck before we found a secure place into which

we might run the vessel. At last, however, we discovered a spacious harbour at the South-east end of the island, and I immediately went into it in the boat, and ordered the vessel to follow me as soon as possible, for it was then a dead calm. We rowed directly into this bay; and as soon as we had got round the points of an island which lay off the harbour, we discovered all the beach covered with naked savages, who were all armed with lances and clubs; and twelve canoes full of them, who, till we had passed them, had lain concealed, immediately rushed out upon me, making a horrid noise: this, you may suppose, alarmed us greatly; and as I had only one European and four black soldiers, besides the four lascars that rowed the boat, I thought it best to return, if possible, under the guns of the vessel, before I ventured to speak with them. In case we were attacked, I ordered the Seapoys to reserve their fire till they could be sure their balls would take effect; and then to take advantage of the confusion our firing would throw the savages into, and attack them, if possible, with their bayonets. The canoes, however, after having pursued for a mile, or a mile and a half, luckily stopped a little to consult together, which gave us an opportunity to escape them, as they did not care to pursue us out to sea. The same afternoon the vessel came to anchor in the bay, and we were presently visited by fifty or sixty canoes full of people. They paddled round the vessel, and called to us in a language

language which no body on board understood, though I had people with me who understood the languages spoken on all the other islands. They seemed to look at every thing about the vessel very attentively; but more from the motive of pilfering than from curiosity, for they watched an opportunity and unshipped the rudder of the boat, and paddled away with it. I fired a musquet over their heads, the noise of which frightened them so, that all of them immediately leaped into the sea, but soon recovered themselves and paddled away.

They are a tall, well made people; the men in general about five feet eight or ten inches high; the women shorter and more clumsily built. They are of a red colour, and have straight, black hair, which the men cut short, but the women let grow long, and roll up in a circle on the top of their heads very neatly. The men go entirely naked, and the women wear nothing more than a very narrow slip of plantain leaf. The men always go armed with six or eight lances, made of the wood of the cabbage-tree, which is extremely hard; they are about six feet long, and topped with the large bones of fish, sharpened and barbed, or with a piece of bamboo hardened in the fire, very sharp pointed, and its concave part armed with the jaw bones and teeth of fish, so that it would be almost impossible to extract them from a wound. They have no iron or other metal that I could see, yet they build very neat canoes; they are formed of two

thin boards sewed together, and the seam filled with a resinous substance. They are about ten feet long, and about a foot broad, and have an outrigger on each side, to prevent their oversetting. They split trees into boards with stone wedges.

Their houses are circular, supported on ten or twelve iron-wood sticks, about six feet long: they are neatly floored with plank, and the roof rises immediately from the floor in a conical form, so as to resemble a straw bee hive; their diameter is not above eight feet.

These people have no rice, fowls, or cattle, of any kind: they seem to live upon cocoa-nuts, sweet potatoes, and sugar-canes. They catch fish, and dry them in the smoke; these fish they either strike with their lances, or catch in a drawing net, of which they make very neat ones.

They do not chew betel, a custom which prevails universally among the Eastern nations.

I went on shore the day after the vessel anchored in the bay, hoping to be able to see something of the country, and to meet with some of the chiefs. I saw a few houses near the beach, and went towards them; but the natives flocked down to the beach, to the number of sixty or seventy men, well armed with their lances, &c. and put themselves in our way; yet, when we approached them, they retreated slowly, making some few threatening gestures. I then ordered my companions to halt, and be well on their guard, and went alone to-

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wards them : they permitted me to come amongst them, and I gave them some knives, pieces of cloth, and looking-glasses, with all which they seemed well pleased, and allowed me to take from them their lances, &c. and give them to my servant, whom I called to take them. Finding them to behave civilly, I made signs that I wanted to go to their houses and eat with them ; they immediately sent people who brought me coconuts, but did not seem to approve of my going to their houses : however, I determined to venture thither, and seeing a path leading towards them, I went forward attended by about twenty of them, who, as soon as we had got behind some trees, which prevented my people seeing us, began to lay violent hands on my cloaths, and endeavour to pull them off ; but having a small hanger, I drew it, and, making a stroke at the most officious of them, retreated as fast as possible to the beach. Soon after we heard the sound of a conch-shell ; upon which all the people retired, with all possible expedition, to a party of about two hundred, who were assembled at about a mile distance. It was now near sun-set, and we were near a mile from our boat ; and, as I was apprehensive we might be way-laid in our return if we staid longer, I ordered my people to return with all possible speed ; but first went to the houses the natives had abandoned, and found them stripped of every thing ; so that I suppose this party had been employed in removing their wives, children,

&c. into the woods. I intended to have attempted another day to have penetrated into the country, and had prepared my people for it ; but the inconsiderate resentment of an officer, who was with me, rendered my scheme abortive. He had been in the boat to some of the natives who had waded out on a reef of rocks and called to us ; they had brought some coconuts, for which he gave them pieces of cloth : one of them seeing his hanger lying beside him in the boat, snatched it and ran away ; upon which he fired upon them, and pursued them to some of their houses, which, finding empty, he burnt. This set the whole country in alarm ; conch-shells were sounded all over the bay, and in the morning we saw great multitudes of people assembled in different places, making use of threatening gestures ; so that finding it would be unsafe to venture amongst them again, as, for want of understanding their language, we could not come to any explanation with them, I ordered the anchor to be weighed, and sailed out of the bay, bringing away two of the natives with me.

In our return home my desire of seeing some yet unexplored parts of the island of Sumatra, occasioned me to order the vessel to put me on shore at a place called Flat Point, on the southern extremity of the island, from whence I walked to Fort Malbro. In this journey I underwent great hardships, being sometimes obliged to walk on the sandy beach, exposed to the sun, from six in the morning till six at night, without

out any refreshment ; sometimes precipices to ascend or descend, so steep that we could only draw ourselves up, or let ourselves down, by a rattan ; at other times rapid rivers to cross, and then to walk the remaining part of the day in wet cloaths. The consequence of these hardships has been a violent fever ; but, much as I then regretted having quitted the ship, I had, when I came to Fort Malbro, more reason to rejoice ; for I then found, that the vessel, in her voyage home, was lost, and every soul on board perished. This has, however, been a severe stroke upon me ; for as I was obliged to leave all my baggage on board, it being impracticable to carry it over land, I lost all my cloaths, books, specimens, manuscripts, notes, arms, &c. from Enganho ; in short, almost every thing which I had either brought with me, or collected during my residence in this island.

I forgot to mention, that when I was at Tappanooly I saw what I find in PURCHAS's Pilgrim, called *the wonderful plant of Sombrero* : his account, however, is somewhat exaggerated, when he says it bears leaves and grows to be a great tree. The name by which it is known to the Malays is *Lalan-lout*, that is, sea-grass. It is found in sandy bays, in shallow water, where it appears like a slender straight stick, but, when you attempt to touch it, immediately withdraws itself into the sand. I could never observe any *tentacula* : a broken piece, near a foot long, which, after many unsuccessful attempts, I drew out,

was perfectly straight and uniform ; resembled a worm drawn over a knitting-kneedle ; when dry it is a coral.

The sea cocoa-nut, which has long been erroneously considered as a marine production, and been so extremely scarce and valuable, is now discovered to be the fruit of a palm with flabelliform leaves, which grow abundantly on the small islands to the eastward of Madagascar, called in our charts, *Mabi*, &c. and by the French, *Les Isles des Sechelles*. To these islands, the French have sent a large colony and planted them with cloves and nutmeg trees, as they have likewise the islands of *Bourbon and Mauritius*.



## THE OBSERVER.

### NUMBER I.

IN the support, as well as in the institution of literary societies, a variety of auxiliaries are necessary ; for as different geniuses vary their pursuits according to their different dispositions, propensities, and inclinations, so by a variegated election of subjects, each mind acting voluntarily, and subscribing the fruits of its labour to the general repository, constitute a compendious and entertaining miscellany of the most elaborate productions of conspiring artists ; I mean such a miscellany as the Ladies Magazine. And in consequence of this opinion, I have presumed to introduce myself into the sensible and

and polite circle of your numerous correspondents, under the denomination of an *Observer*, in order to present them with a narrative of such occurrences as may appear in the progress of my speculative travels. But I will not endeavour to flatter you with a profusion of promises, that I never mean to perform; my intention is to make you a contribution of a letter for each number; on condition, that they shall be inserted regular, without omission. But perhaps you will object to my terms; then permit me to add, as long as you may esteem them worthy of your patronage, and the approbation of the ladies, to whose use and amusement the *Magazine* itself is chiefly appropriated; and such a request, I think, by no means unreasonable. But for an *Observer* to obtain a favourable reception from the ladies, probably may be a task of difficulty; however, I will not despair; such miracles do sometimes happen. I will rely on the rectitude of my intentions, to render my exertions as agreeable as my slender qualifications will allow: and at all times, the whole scope and tenor of my essay, shall be for the encouragement and promotion of every amiable virtue, and the exposition and chastisement of every reigning, fashionable vice—in such a cause it would be uncharitable to doubt the ready concurrence of the most judicious part of womankind, particularly the generous supporters of their sex's own miscellany: who have so long laboured in the

same pleasing, honorable employment.

I call it honorable, because it is in the service of the ladies, whom to defend, and improve, I conceive to be the particular duty of my sex, as well as the business of the most refined and best qualified member of their own. But from this conjecture I do not mean to insinuate, that the ladies are unable, or insufficient, to maintain their own cause, without the assistance of men, I entertain an opposite faith, believing the ladies in the present age to be superior.

But, perhaps, some nice critics, will suppose me vain, after extolling the qualifications of females, to presume to offer them instruction; but such will widely mistake my ultimate intention: it is true, I design my essays for the use of all who will deign to honor them with a perusal, and for the improvement of such as are capable of being improved by them: at the same time I hope to draw similar advantages from the performances of others; so by a reciprocal and well directed correspondence, both give and receive such entertainment as may be suggested under the sacred sanction of religion, morality, and honor.

S. T.



THE

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THE CONVENIENCE OF A  
SCOLDING WIFE.

To the EDITORS of the LADIES  
MAGAZINE.

*Habet sua fulmina Juno.*

GENTLEMEN,

I Was lately amusing myself with perusing the History of France, and could not help stopping, on there meeting with the words of my motto, which Christina of France caused to be engraven on the cannon cast by her order; the English of which is, *Juno has her thunder*. Thoughts sometimes strike us very oddly, and though we are often sensible of the absurdity of them, yet we find it a very difficult task to get rid of those objects which have once made a strong impression on our minds. I have long been a married man, and, if my vanity does not deceive and betray me, I think I possess common sense; which the respect I receive from the generality of company I engage in, in my own opinion at least, serve to confirm my conceit. After all, you will perhaps smile at me, when I say, that I cannot help comparing myself to Jupiter, and consequently must allow my wife the honorable title of Juno. That Juno has her thunder, is by no means to be disputed; and, I think, Christina might have added, her lightning too. As lightning always precedes the thunder, so the flashes of my Juno's eyes always, and invariably announce to me an approaching peal, which frequently bursts over my head

with all the musical uproar of the spheres. Frequently, when I return home rather too late in the evening, and perhaps in that hour in which the queen of night and Aurora struggle for the victory; if I see a gloom on the countenance of my Juno, I can then foretel, with as much certainty as the most experienced adventurer on the ocean, that a storm is gathering, which, if I do not use proper means to disperse, soon rises to a tempest: the cloud becomes speedily more dense, the lightning darts from her eyes, and the thunder soon rolls with an impetuosity that terrifies all the neighbourhood. The storm is sometimes accompanied with a shower, such as the philosopher Socrates is said to have received from the bounty of his wife Xantippe. As those who live in hot climates, and are accustomed to storms and tempests, think no more of them as soon as they are over, so my Juno's thunder no sooner ceases than I retire to my bed, with as much pleasure and satisfaction as does the wearied mariner after he has struggled with the fury of contending elements. As a hollow and distant murmuring of the wind is often heard at sea after the storm is abated, so for some time after my Juno's thunder is ceased, I hear inarticulate sounds of a plaintive kind, which rattle among the curtains, and disturb my repose for a while; but these gradually die away, and yield to the influence of Morpheus. I have heard some people boast, even after they had been married some years, that all

all had been love and harmony between them and their Juno's, and that no rude wind of contention had ever ruffled the serene horizon of their love; but surely such a state must have been very insipid, and I cannot help here quoting the words of that justly admired writer, Pope:

*"Better for us, perhaps it might appear,*

*Were there all harmony, all concord here;*

*That never air or ocean felt the wind,*

*That never passion discompos'd the mind:*

*But all subsists by elemental strife,  
And passions are the elements of life."*

Such is my natural disposition, that were my days to glide away in an uninterrupted series of tranquillity and repose, I fear I should sink into a supineness, and forget every duty incumbent on me to perform; but this is morally and physically prevented by the thunder of my Juno, which rouses me, as it were, from a state of lethargy, and makes me sensible of the sweets of repose after the storm is over. As I am singularly fond of music, and a base voice particularly delights me, I often listen with rapture to the chants of my Juno, who frequently carries her voice to so high a pitch, as places it beyond the power of any musical instrument to follow her. Those, indeed, who are fond of soft and plaintive notes, will not much admire the notes of my Juno, which is, like

Handel's, both bold and loud; and it has been by some people compared rather to the uproar of a full organ, than to the sweet harmony of a single pipe. After all that may have been said of those affable and delicate Juno's, who never open their lips but to breathe out the soft and tender whispers of love, which rather lull mankind to sleep, then rouse them to an active and manly life; give me a Juno, who, like a noun substantive, may be seen, heard, and understood.

JUPITER.



*For the Ladies Magazine.*

# A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HINDOO RELIGION.

THE Hindoos, or Gentoos, the inhabitants of that part of India known by the name of Hindostan, profess the religion of the Bramins, which is supposed to be the same with that of the ancient Gymnosophists. In the time of Diodorus Siculus, they are said to have been divided into seven casts or tribes, but this probably is a mistake; at present however, they are divided only into four, viz. the Bramin, the Khattry, the Bhyse, and the Soodera. To all these distinct offices are assigned, and those born in one tribe cannot, according to their laws, intermarry with those born in another. For certain offences they are subject to the loss of their cast, and hence is formed

ed a fifth tribe, called Pariars, on the coast of Coromandel, but in the Shanferit, or sacred language, Chandalas. These are considered as the dregs of the people, and are never employed but in the meanest services. Besides this, there is a general division, which pervades the four casts indiscriminately, and which is taken from the worship of their gods, Vishnou and Sheevah; the worshippers of the former being named Vishnou-bukht, and those of the latter Sheevah-bukht.

Of these four casts, the Bramins are accounted the first in every respect. They are not, however, allowed to assume the sovereignty; religious ceremonies, and the instruction of the people, being their peculiar province. They alone are allowed to read the veda, or sacred books; the Khatries, or cast next in dignity, being only allowed to hear them read; while the other two can read only the satras, or commentators. As for the despised Chandalas, they dare not so much as enter a temple, or be present at any religious ceremony.

In point of precedence, the Bramins claim a superiority even to princes; the latter being chosen out of the Khatry, or second cast. A Rajah will receive with respect the food that is prepared by a Bramin, but the latter will eat nothing that has been prepared by any member of an inferior cast. The punishment of a Bramin for any crime, is much milder than that of those belonging to any other cast, and the greatest

crime that can be committed, is the murder of a Bramin. No magistrate must desire the death of one of these sacred persons, or cut off one of his limbs. They must be readily admitted into the presence even of princes whenever they please. When passengers in a boat, they must be the first to enter and to go out, and the waterman must besides carry them for nothing. Every one who meets them on the road is likewise obliged to give place to them. All priests are chosen from among this order, such as are not admitted to the sacerdotal function being employed as secretaries or accountants. These can never afterwards become priests, but they continue to be greatly respected by the other casts.

The Khatry, or second cast, are those from among whom the sovereigns are chose. The Bhyse, or Banians, who constitute the third cast, have the charge of commercial affairs; and the Soode-ra, or fourth class, the most numerous of all, comprehend the labourers and artisans. These last are divided into as many classes as there are followers of different arts, all the children being invariably brought up to the profession of their fathers, and it is absolutely unlawful for them ever to change it afterwards.

No Hindoo is allowed on any account, to quit the cast in which he was born. All of them are very scrupulous with regard to their diet, but the Bramins much more so than any of the rest. The latter eat no flesh, nor shed blood. Their ordinary food is rice and

other



other vegetables, prepared with a kind of butter, and seasoned with ginger and different spices. The food, however, which they most esteem, is milk, fresh from the cow, this animal being held by them in such extravagant veneration, that it is enacted in the code of Gentoo laws, that whoever exacts labour from a hungry or thirsty bullock, or obliges him to work when fatigued, or out of season, is liable to be fined by the magistrates. The other casts, though less rigid, abstain very religiously from what is forbidden them; nor will they eat any thing prepared by a person of an inferior cast, or of a different religion. Though they may eat some kinds of flesh and fish, it is accounted a virtue to abstain from them all, and none of them are allowed to taste intoxicating liquors of any kind. So exceedingly bigotted and superstitious are they in their absurd maxims with regard to food and drink, that some Seapoys in a British ship, having expended all the water appropriated to their use, would have suffered themselves to perish for thirst rather than taste a drop of that which was used by the ship's company.

The religion of the Hindoos, by which these maxims are inculcated, is contained in certain books, named Veda, Vedams, or Beds, written in a language called the Shanscrit, which is now known only by the learned. These books are supposed to have been not the work of the Supreme God himself, but of an inferior deity, named Brimha, Brama, or

Brahma. The Supreme God, they say, having created the world by the word of his mouth, formed a female deity, named Bawaney, who in an enthusiasm of joy and praise, brought forth three eggs. From these were produced three male deities, named Brimha, Vishnou, and Sheevah. Brimha was endowed with the power of creating the things of this world; Vishnou with that of cherishing them; and Sheevah with that of restraining and correcting them. Thus Brimha became the creator of man; and in this character he formed the four casts from different parts of his own body, the Bramins from his mouth, the Khatry from his arms, the Banians from his belly and thighs, and the Soodera from his feet. Hence, say they, these four different casts derive the different offices assigned to them; the Bramins to teach; the Khatry to defend and govern; the Banians to enrich by commerce and agriculture; and the Soodera to labour, serve and obey. Brama himself endowed mankind with passions and understanding to regulate them, while Brimha, having created the inferior beings, proceeded to write the Vedams, and delivered them to be read and explained by the Bramins.

The religion of the Hindoos, though involved in superstition and idolatry, seems to be originally pure, inculcating the belief of an eternal and omnipotent Being, their subordinate deities, Brimha, Vishnou and Sheevah, being only representatives of the wisdom, goodness and power of the supreme

preme god Brama. All created beings, they suppose, to be types of the attributes of Brama, whom they call the principle of truth, the spirit of wisdom, and the supreme being; so that it is probable all their idols were at first only designed to represent those attributes.

There are a great many sects among the Hindoos, but all of them believe in the immortality of the soul, a future state of rewards and punishments, and transmigration. Charity and hospitality are inculcated in the strongest manner, and exist among them not only in theory but in practice. "Hospitality," say they, "is commanded to be exercised even towards an enemy, when he cometh into their house; the tree doth not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter. Good men extend their charity even to the vilest animals. The moon doth not withhold her light even from the Chandala." These pure doctrines, however, are intermixed with some of the vilest and most absurd superstitions; and along with the true God, they worship a number of inferior ones, who are all distinguished by different names. The Hindoos have likewise a variety of demi-gods, who are supposed to inhabit the air, the earth, and the waters, so that every village, river, town, wood, mountain, &c. has one of these tutelar deities, as was the case among the Western heathens. By nature these demi-gods are subject to death; but by the use of a certain drink, named

*amrut*, they are supposed to obtain immortality.

All these deities are worshipped as in other countries, by going to their temples, fasting, prayers, and the performance of ceremonies to their honor. The Hindoos pray thrice a day, morning, noon and evening, with their faces turned towards the East. They use many ablutions, and, like the Pharisees of old, always wash before meals: running water is always preferred for this purpose to such as stagnates. Fruits, flowers and incense, are offered in sacrifice to their idols; but for the dead they offer a kind of cake, called *peenda*; and offerings of this kind always take place on the day of the full moon. Nothing sanguinary is known at present in the worship of the Hindoos; and the only instance of bloody sacrifices among them, is that of the buffalo, offered formerly to Bawaney, the mother of the gods.

Great numbers of devotees are to be met with every where in Hindostan. Every cast is allowed to assume this way of life, except the Chandalas, who are excluded. Those held in most esteem are the Seniaßes and Jogeys. The former are allowed no other cloathing but what suffices for covering their nakedness; nor have they any worldly goods besides a pitcher and a staff: but though they are strictly enjoined to meditate on the truths contained in the sacred writings, they are expressly forbidden to argue about them. They must eat but once a day, and that very sparingly, of rice or other

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other vegetables ; they must also shew the most perfect indifference about hunger, thirst, heat, cold, or any thing relating to the world, looking forward with continual desire to the separation of the soul from the body. Should any of them fail in this extravagant self-denial, he is rendered so much more criminal by the attempt, as he neglected the duties of ordinary life for those of another, which he was not able to accomplish. The Jogey's are bound much to the same rules, and both subject themselves to the most extravagant practices. Some keep their arms constantly stretched over their heads, till they become quite withered and incapable of motion ; others keep them crossed over the breast during life ; while others, by keeping their hands constantly shut, have them quite pierced through by the growth of their nails. Some chain themselves to trees, or particular spots of ground, which they never quit ; others resolve never to lie down, but sleep leaning against a tree. The most curious performance, however, perhaps in record, is that of a Jogey, who measured the distance between Benares and Jaggernaut with the length of his body, lying down and rising alternately. Many of these enthusiasts will throw themselves in the way of the chariots of Vishnou and Sheevah, which are sometimes brought forth in procession, to celebrate the feast of a temple, and drawn by several hundreds of men. Thus the wretched devotees are in an instant crushed to pieces. Others

devote themselves to the flames, in order to shew their regard to some of their idols, or to appease the wrath of one whom they have offended.

A certain set of devotees are named Pandarams, and another on the coast of Coromandel are named Cary-Patra Pandarams. The former rub themselves all over with cow-dung, and run about the country, singing the praises of the god Sheevah, whom they worship. The latter go about asking charity at doors, by striking their hands together, for they never speak. They accept of nothing but rice, and when they have got as much as will satisfy their hunger, never give themselves any trouble about more, but pass the rest of the day in the shade, in a state of such supine indolence, as scarcely to look at any object whatever. The Tadinums are another set of mendicants, who sing the incarnations of Vishnou. They have hollow brass rings round their ancles, which they fill with pebbles, so that they make a considerable noise as they walk : they beat likewise a kind of tabor.

The greatest singularity in the religion of the Hindoos is, that so far from persecuting those of a different persuasion, they absolutely refuse even to admit a proselyte. They believe all religions to be equally acceptable to the Supreme Being, and assign as a reason, that if the Author of the universe preferred one to another, it would have been impossible for any other to have prevailed than that which he approved. Every religion,

religion, therefore, they conclude to be adapted to the country where it is established, and that all in their original purity are equally good.



## ON QUARRELLING.

*To the Editors.*

I Am surpris'd that among the many useful and entertaining subjects which have been inserted in your Magazine, we do not find *quarrelling* discussed, *pro* and *con*. Two good essays, I think, might be written on the subject, the one laying down rules and directions for quarrelling; the other more seriously telling us how to act in all possible cases of *quarrelling*. This subject is of universal importance. It concerns all mankind, for what man or woman is their alive who has not once at least been involved in a quarrel. And how often do we see the sweetest tempers seured by quarrels. Individuals, married couples, tradesmen, gentlemen and ladies, ministers of state, as well as of the gospel, all quarrel, all have their disputes and wranglings. Whenever a man is displeased, he quarrels with some person or thing, although perhaps neither the person or thing which has given the offence. I know a man, who, when displeased abroad, is sure to quarrel at home; and another, who, when offended by a person to whom he cannot resent, always vents his quarrel on his servant, his dog, or his

horse, as either may happen to be in his way. It was but the other day he was seen galloping his horse at a violent rate, whipping and spurring the poor animal most unmercifully. I knew the cause; he had just quairrelled with his landlord about a house, which the former would not part with on a long lease.

Quarrels are of various kinds: There is the *tiff*, the smallest degree of quarrelling; this is very common among married couples, and generally arises from some trifling circumstance, scarcely worth mentioning, and which both are ashamed afterwards to think of; such as a coat *millaid*, too much butter on a toast, misplacing a corkscrew, differing about the size of a joint of meat, not enough of tea in the pot, or some other equally *weighty* cause of dispute. These produce the *tiff*, or as some call it the *miff*; the *tiff* does not always produce an open quarrel, because the good sense of one or other party generally interposes; but where this happened not to be the case, I have often known the *tiff* produce a downright, open quarrel. On such occasions I take my hat and walk off, knowing that to interpose between man and wife is always a useless attempt, and not unfrequently dangerous. I have also to observe, that although one *tiff* may not rise to a quarrel, yet two or more, particularly if they occur in the same day, or even in the same week, almost always produce a quarrel.

Next to a *tiff* which belongs to married pairs, is "*having some words.*"

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words." This is peculiar to friends, whether real ones or only acquaintances. Whenever they begin "to have words," one with another, a quarrel is not a great way off, and indeed the farther off it is, so much the worse; for when two friends have *had words* and part without coming to an explanation, they are apt to recollect and dwell upon them in secret, magnify little heats into violent fevers, the *cold* fit of which returns on their meeting; they look black upon one another, and, if some neutral person does not interpose his good offices, an irreparable quarrel is the consequence. Friends are apt to think themselves on a perfect level, and it is therefore very seldom that either will yield, or give way.

When acquaintances happen to be "men of honor," that is, rash young men, who think that fighting a duel adds to their reputation; their quarrels are soon decided. They first meet as *friends*; the bottle circulates; they talk of their amours, amours perhaps which never had an existence; *some words* pass between them, which, had they been sober, would have passed without notice; but the wine being potent, their courage is great, and their honor remarkably delicate; they exchange cards; a challenge is sent next morning, seconds chosen; they meet, look very tragically one upon the other, discharge their pistols in the air, the seconds interpose, and assure them they have both behaved like "men of honor;" they kiss hands,

and are better friends than ever, unless they should happen afterwards to "*have words*."

"Having words," among the ladies, generally produces a quarrel, for they cannot decide by the sword; and, having no weapon but the tongue, they part, without coming to a friendly explanation. Dr. Hawkesworth, gives us an excellently painted scene of this kind in the thirty-third number of the *Adventurer*; two sisters *tiffed* in company; they had "*had words*," and, in the progress of the dispute, they went from "Sister," to "Miss Fanny," and from Miss Fanny to "Madam."—The Doctor's observation here will bear a quotation. "As soon as the affectionate name of *sister* was dropped, and the ceremony of *Miss* supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness; but the word *Madam*, doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner those young ladies pass most of their hours together."

There are some people in the world who delight in tiffing and quarrelling. The most remarkable instance of this kind came to my knowledge, lately. An old gentleman who had for many years been confined to his room by the gout and other infirmities, advertised for a servant to attend him. A likely young man, of

sober character, and good morals, strongly recommended by his former masters, applied for this place. The old gentleman received him; and the servant, to be the more able to please his master, enquired of the house-keeper, &c. what kind of attendance his master required, and having got the necessary information, thought himself very happy in so good a place. Next morning when the old gentleman rose, he found his breakfast furniture ready laid, his shoes ready, his wig, &c. and every thing he could possibly want, all in perfect order and at hand. Immediately on this he called his new servant, and told him, "he would not do for him." Alarmed at this, the poor fellow "begged to know if he had offended him, and hoped any little mistake on his first day would be excused."—"No," answered the old gentleman, "I have no fault to find with you, but you will not do for me. I have been confined for some years to this room; I dress and undress as if I could go out; and all the satisfaction I have long had, has been in ringing my bell repeatedly, and quarrelling with my servants for one blunder or other. *You* have brought every thing I want, and therefore I should lose my constant occupation."

Men like these must be allowed to enjoy their humour. But I believe, the general opinion of mankind is rather in favour of peace and harmony; and, if I might be permitted to close this letter with a few advices on the

subject, I should suggest the following:

There are in this world, really and truly, very few things worth quarrelling about; and a quarrel once begun, however trifling the original cause, is so apt to extend to unwarrantable and even criminal lengths, that every person ought to be cautious, and keep a watch over his tongue and actions. *Tiffs* may appear trifling, but the more violently people quarrel about trifles, the more they expose the weakness of their understanding, and consequently sink in each other's esteem. Friendship is a plant of rare growth; it must be tenderly cultivated, for there is perhaps no root so deep as not to be struck at by repeated efforts. The romantic, unremoveable friendship of poetry, is not to be met with in this world. It is not calculated for the common soil, and all that the best can expect, is to be beloved while they appear amiable.

And it is observed, that we are most apt to quarrel when most out of temper, we ought to aim at an aquanimity of temper, a temper not easily ruffled, and above all, a temper superior to little things. If we cultivate benevolence to mankind, if we feel the infirmity of human nature in ourselves, we will be apt to pity it in others. The man or woman of peevish temper, may be morally and intellectually good in other respects—and none can tell whence an irritable temper may proceed. Disease, adversity, large intercourse with mankind, and many other circumstances give a bias

bias to the temper which it would be unjust to censure, since who can tell but it might be his own case in like circumstances? meekness and humility, in all disputes will prevail. It is not he who contests a matter vigorously that is the superior—He who yields up what is no consequence to keep, in order to end a quarrel, is the superior mind; and cool reflection will make even his antagonist acknowledge as much.—But what I have farther to offer on this subject must remain until a future opportunity.

I am, &c.

MESOPHILUS.



LANQUENET and CLEANTHES.

*A Real History.*

**L**ANQUENET and Cleanthes were school fellows, and neighbours children, play-fellows when boys, and companions when young men; their dispositions were, however, very different.—The father of Lanquenet was an officer, a man of an imperious temper, confirmed by habit. His own behaviour was continually before the eyes of his son, and his maxims of honor and revenge were as continually inculcated in the heart of Lanquenet. Unhappy are those children who have ever for examples the vices and evil habits of their parents or instructors! Cleanthes was the son of a studious man, a man of genius, with an upright heart, consequently, a philoso-

pher. He heard his father deplore the vices and passions of men, which subjected them to all the inquietudes of discontent, made them covet what they could not procure, and neglect to enjoy those things which they had. The minds of Lanquenet and Cleanthes were as different as the sentiments and dispositions of their parents. Lanquenet was proud and imperious, passionate and revengeful. These leading vices brought on many others. A strong ruling passion, like a tyrannical monarch, draws a train of attendants who would very gladly be employed in any other service; and a man who has no command of his temper, frequently appears more vicious than he really is; while the philosopher, who has all his passions at command, is thought sometimes more amiable than, perhaps, the infirmities of nature will permit man to be. Lanquenet was unfortunate in having a parent who inflamed, instead of correcting the defects of his temper and constitution. When he became a man, his hand was always at his sword. If a passenger happened to look at him, he deemed the person impertinent, and himself insulted. He would give the wall to no man whom he did not know to be of a better family than himself; and was jealous of every word that was whispered or spoke low in company, lest it should be to his disadvantage, and he not have an opportunity of resenting it. High ideas of his own courage and prowess, and strongly inculcated resolutions of never

never letting any man escape unpunished, who offered him the least insult, were ever uppermost in his mind.—It is a miracle if such men live to wear grey hairs. But he was generous and sincere, and some men bore with his evil qualities for the sake of his generosity; while numbers pretended to admire him who had no other motives but their fears. Cleanthes was the first and the only sincere friend he had, and was indeed as remarkable for the mildness and pliability of his disposition, as the other was for the contrary qualities. Cleanthes had been made fully sensible of the dreadful effects of that wicked and detestable custom among men, of exposing their own lives, or taking away the lives of others upon every little cause of disgust or intemperate sally of passion. He had been taught the folly and injustice that a man commits, when he endeavours to chastise the wickedness of others at the hazard of his own life, and the everlasting peace and prosperity of all those who have any love for, or dependence on him. The fathers of these youths were both dead, and the genius and inclination of Lanquenet leading him to a military life, he purchased a commission. His friendship for Cleanthes was so strong, that he was never happy but when in his company. By frequent arguments and entreaties he at length prevailed on Cleanthes to follow his example, and they became brother officers in the same corps. Lanquenet had a sister, beautiful and finely accomplished. Cle-

anthes loved her, and so sincerely, that the happiness of his life was entirely interwoven in her fate. Amelia had an equal share of passion. Every party seemed eager for their union, and the lovers became happy.—These young men had now every tie that could endear them to each other. Brothers, friends, and fellow-officers, their families became united by indissoluble bands, and nothing but harmony, love, and friendship could be seen among them. The violence of Lanquenet's temper had involved him in several little broils, and before he had been two years in the regiment, he had fought three duels, in all which he had come off with honor.—This disposition made the sensible part of his fellow-officers take every opportunity of shunning his company, while they as frequently sought the society of Cleanthes. A passionate man, with instruments of murder in his possession, is a more dangerous animal than a hunted lion. Let none such wonder, if rational men avoid them. The visible preference shewn to Cleanthes did not fail to give Lanquenet the greatest disgust, and his affections became alienated by degrees. There is a certain mortifying superiority which gentleness and reason always obtain, even without seeking for it, over violence and passion. This was felt too severely, and too frequently by Lanquenet. It did not instruct, it inflamed him, and he began to take every little opportunity of being piqued at Cleanthes. Such is the depravity and infirmity of human

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human nature, that sometimes our virtues have as fatal effects as our vices. You who are superior to the generality of mankind, let it be from genius or habit, or what cause soever, be particularly careful not to remind them of it too often; they will all in time else become your enemies.

The hour was now approaching in which these young heroes were to encounter the fatigues of war. Their regiment was sent into Germany to join the forces under Prince Ferdinand.—Amelia had brought Cleanthes a lovely boy, and was in the sixth month of her pregnancy, when her husband, her lover, her friend, her every thing that was dear and tender, had orders to depart. Cleanthes, as a philosopher, lamented the evils of war, and the ambition of men, which thus so frequently could tear asunder lovers, friends, fathers, and leave them in the dreadful apprehension of never meeting more. But he lived among depraved men, and was obliged to submit to the common evil. He had, though in an inferior degree, the protection of his country committed to his care, and he wished to discharge his duty like a good citizen and a valiant soldier. The parting of Cleanthes and Amelia is far more easily imagined than described.——They embarked amidst blessings, prayers, and praises, tears and sighs, and heavy aching hearts, foreboding groans, and longing, far-fetched wishes.

Various are the horrors and vicissitudes of war. Various are

the agitations of the mind on the eve of the battle. How many orphans lost their only support! How many widows lost their joy and comfort on thy plains, Oh, Minden! Victory makes the fool rejoice, the wise man sigh, and the widow groan.

On the night preceding the battle, Lanquenet, Cleanthes, and the officers of the regiment, were assembled at the tent of the former. The conversation turned upon courage. Our youths, prompted by their different tempers, educations, and principles, took opposite sides. Cleanthes contended that true courage was always sedate, and wished, not only to avoid giving, but to forbear taking affront. This was wounding Lanquenet in a tender part: the company, he imagined, applied all the acrimony of a contrary conduct to him. He endeavoured to defend his errors, and the contest grew warm, every man seeming to join in opinion with Cleanthes, and to glance their arguments at the overbearing conduct of his opponent. Lanquenet affirmed that all men were cowards who could hear the least impeachment against their honor or their courage, and not resent it to death. Cleanthes, heated by the argument, and, perhaps, by having indulged in a glass or two more than usual, replied, with some warmth, that such wicked and silly resentment was the effect of fear, and that he hoped, on the morrow, to shew Lanquenet that he had more courage than himself.

What

What shall I say? how describe the intolerable rage, hatred, madness, and imprecations of Lanquenet towards his friend, his brother! towards one who would have sacrificed his own life to have preserved his! He called him a liar!—and when he found that could not provoke him to draw his sword, struck him!

Oh, man, man, beware of passion! beware of the passions of others likewise! deem not thyself perfect, or the temper immovable, and avoid contest.

Cleanthes, overwhelmed with shame, sorrow, and despair, took up his hat in order to depart. Lanquenet laid hold on him, and vowed he would have satisfaction before he went hence.—Cleanthes addressed himself to the company and to his outrageous brother in the following manner:

“Gentlemen, and brother soldiers, that I must die is certain; that I have hastened my death by an unguarded expression to support a silly argument, is as certain.—Were I to draw my sword to destroy one of the guardians of my country, how could I palliate my crime? And were I to kill the brother of my Amelia, how could I die in peace? Her loss, alas! will be too severe already. Tomorrow shall end all further contest, I shall die. I have been struck, degraded in the presence of my brother officers, and I will die, but not by the hand of my friend. My life shall be devoted to my country, and let her enemies make the purchase. If you survive, Lanquenet, be kind to my dear Amelia; let her not

know our fatal quarrel, but give her this ring as a remembrance of one who dearly loved her. As for my children——”

The tears prevented his proceeding, he broke from his antagonist and hurried to his tent.

Imagine yourself capable of bewailing the miseries and follies of men, who ought all to live in love together, and have but one common interest, that of administering to the necessities of each other, and delighting in mutual acts of kindness. Imagine yourself hovering over the field of Minden, where one hundred and fifty thousand men were drawn up to kill and destroy each other, without any provocation; who murder without malice, having no other reason but because they are bid, and because one man is called French, and the other English. They begin in fear and trembling, they continue in horror and madness, they end in wailing and lamentation.—But see, behold our hero! Follow our Cleanthes! View with what desperate intrepidity he rushes amidst his foes, what numbers fall beneath his headlong vapour. In vain would his companions imitate his rage. His arm is the harbinger of death, terror is in his step, and despair upon his brow. At length he falls, covered with wounds; glorious in his fall!

Retard your pity for a moment. His hour is not come; he dies not; the hand of Providence is over him! Fainting with the loss of blood, and fatigued with the

the

the labour of the fight, he sinks, overpowered, to the earth.

Blessed be thy protecting hand, oh, Mournay! Thou sawest a desperate man rush headlong into the arms of death, and stepped between. Thy kindred spirit beheld generous despair depicted in the furious countenance of Cleanthes, and like his guardian genius, hovered over his wearied falling body, and cast the protecting shield of benevolence around him. It was thy arm that bore him from the field of slaughter, and applied the lenient hand of succour to his wounds, and the sweet persuasive tongue of reason and of friendship to his tears.—Need I say, Amelia oft has prayed for thee, or tell how much Cleanthes loved and honored thee?

Imagine not Lanquenet beheld the impetuous valour of his rival without emotion. He had vowed everlasting enmity to Cleanthes. After his departure from the tent, he had pledged himself in the fury of his passion, by all that was honorable in man, never to rest till one or both of them were no more. Deep sinks the sting of this into the heart of the arrogant. The virtue of Cleanthes had reproached him too often, and long had scattered the seeds of hatred in his bosom. He had accused him of cowardice on the evening, and beheld his valour with anguish on the morrow. He endeavoured to imitate the madness of Cleanthes during the battle, and shared his fate: he fell a wounded prisoner into the hands of his enemies.

It was not till the peace, when

a general exchange of prisoners took place, that our rival heroes returned to their native land. Small accidents are frequently productive of remarkable events. They happened to be sent to Dunkirk to embark for England both at a time. The boat in which Lanquenet had seated himself was very full of people, and thinking it might be unsafe to take in any more, he, with the impetuosity natural to his disposition, swore not another should enter. Cleanthes, however, knowing he should lose his passage for some time, if he did not take this opportunity of reaching the ship, and being anxious to return to the arms of his Amelia, and the embraces of his children, ran along the sides of some vessels, and stepped into the boat. Time, dress, and the hurry of embarkation prevented them from recollecting each other immediately. Lanquenet, however, instantaneously collared Cleanthes with an intent of tossing him overboard; but by the resistance and agility of Cleanthes, his foot slipped, and he fell overboard himself. No one was more assiduous in assisting Lanquenet than his antagonist; but judge their surprise, imagine the variety of passions which succeeded in their bosoms when they recognized each other. Irritated beyond measure, by the disgrace that had just befallen him, all the former rancour of Lanquenet rekindled in an instant, when he beheld who was the author of it. Cleanthes, on the contrary, in the moment of recollection, exclaimed “ Good God!

God! brother, is it you!" and instantly sprang to embrace him. He was pushed back with violence. "Traitor," said Lanquenet, "and not brother, know me for thine implacable enemy. This is the second wound thou hast given to mine honor, which never can be healed but by the death of one of us." The tear of anguish stole down the cheek of Cleanthes, the sigh of despair struggled in his bosom, while the remembrance of past misfortunes sat heavy on his heart, and kept him silent.

Their passage to England was short and pleasant, and all eyes except those of Lanquenet and Cleanthes beheld the white rocks of Albion with rapture.

When they were landed, our passionate hero took Cleanthes aside, and addressed him after the following manner:

"I am come, Sir, to demand an immediate and honorable satisfaction. I will have no evasion. You have given me intolerable provocation, and think to secure yourself, I suppose, in the arms of my sister, and the smoothness of your sophistry. For that reason I have taken this opportunity of preventing all your arts, and insist upon your fighting me this moment."

Cleanthes was going to reply, when Lanquenet caught hold of his collar, presented him with a pistol, and pointed his own at the head of Cleanthes.

Oh, God! that hast implanted passions in the hearts of men for noble purposes, how shall we palliate their excesses, which are

monstrous, nay, which frequently exceed belief? How shall we vindicate their errors, which still are to be pitied?

Dreadful was the situation of Cleanthes and Lanquenet!

Cleanthes, however, with that intrepidity which is ever an attendant upon true courage, darted aside the arm of his adversary, and though the pistol went off, escaped unhurt, at the same instant throwing him from him, saw his implacable persecutor sink once more beneath his better genius.

Generosity was inseparable from his heart. He fired off his pistol against the clouds, flung it with horror from his hand, raised up his fallen adversary, and cast himself at his feet, intreating him, with all the enthusiasm of love and friendship, to forgive his errors, and receive him once more to his bosom.

Hard must have been the heart that could have withstood the force and manner of his entreaties. Lanquenet sunk beneath his generosity as he had done before his valour. He saw the impropriety of his own conduct and the superiority of his rival's. He profited at last by the example, and though it was a severe task to become a Cleanthes, he no longer remained a Lanquenet.





ON TEMPER—RESPECTING  
THE MARRIED STATE.

A PARITY of temper is one of the principal requisites in matrimonial happiness; and yet it is possible that too great a familiarity of disposition, may, in some cases, render both parties wretched. For instance, if two persons of a gay and careless turn of mind should happen to be united, both will think themselves entitled to pursue their joint or separate amusements, without being encumbered with any attention to domestic economy, till even the necessary means for their support may be irretrievably lavished away.

Again, should two persons of a saturnine complexion be joined in the indissoluble bond of marriage, the natural gloominess of their dispositions will be increased by each others converse; melancholy will become habitual, and care be heightened to despondency.

- Not minds of melancholy strain,
- Still silent, or that still complain,  
• Can the dear bondage bless;
- As well may heavenly concerts spring
- From two old lutes, with ne'er a string,  
• Or none beside the bass.
- Nor can the sweet enchantment hold,
- Two jarring souls of angry mold,  
• The rugged and the keen :
- Sampson's young foxes might as well
- In bands of chearful wedlock dwell,
- With fire-brands tied between.'

From these examples it is obvious, that a similitude of dispositions alone, though a strong incentive to affection, will not always insure matrimonial felicity. And yet I am perfectly convinced, that whenever there is any material difference of sentiment or manners, there never was, or will be, a happy marriage. We naturally admire those we love, and as naturally imitate what we admire. The familiarity that arises from conformity, and a desire to please, has a superior charm to that which is merely complexional. To adopt the sentiments of a person, is the most delicate proof of approbation and esteem; and perhaps the compliment is valued by our self-love, in proportion to the sacrifice which has been made of an opposite way of thinking.

That conformity of manners, as far as religion and reason will permit, is one of the indispensable duties of a wife, will not, I think be denied by any one. But there are ladies, who have an art of letting their condescension appear too strongly in the act, as if submitting to the impositions of a tyrant, rather than chearfully fulfilling the obligation they had entered into at the altar—to love, honour, and obey.

The same words or actions, expressed or performed in a gracious or ungracious manner, may produce effects as different as love and hate. I would, therefore, recommend it to the candidates for happiness in the married state, to sacrifice to the Graces, in their conjugal demeanour, as sincerely

as they do at their toilets ; for good-breeding is as necessary to the preservation of domestic harmony, as it can possibly be to the general intercourse and commerce of life.

Solomon, in his description of a virtuous woman, has furnished us with the finest idea that ever was given, of a wife's address to her husband. " She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." And surely there exists not a being, under the form of man, who could reject such an address, with scorn or insolence.

We should, however, take particular care to time our conversation with our husbands, and neither idly obtrude upon their serious hours of business or retirement, nor hastily mistake that reserve or gloom which may arise from difficulties in their affairs abroad, for ill temper or disgust at home.

It is the duty of a wife, not only to regulate her own temper towards her husband, but also to pay such an attention to his, as may prevent it from ever appearing in a disagreeable light. By studiously observing the proper seasons for the different subjects on which she may have occasion to address him, she may, imperceptibly to him, and almost to herself, obtain the power of guiding his concurrence or denial.

A sensible and virtuous woman, pursuing such a line of conduct, for the mutual advantage of her husband and family, without any selfish views, (which only little minds are capable of) comes

nearest to the idea that mortals are taught to conceive of a Guardian Angel, who, unseen, directs our doubtful choice to what is best, and leads our erring steps into the paths of happiness and peace.

I have hitherto considered this great article of Temper, only in one point of view, merely as it relates to the colloquial intercourse between a wedded pair. I come now to shew, that its influence is universally extensive ; and that it is one of the main springs which guides or deranges the human machine, through every station and situation of life.

An unmarried woman is very rarely said to be ill-tempered ; and yet there is such prodigies in nature as young vixens, who, however they may conceal their ill-humour from their lovers, and general acquaintance, will surely betray it to their parents, servants, and intimates. " A little lump leaveneth the whole," and a peevish maiden will infallibly make a cross wife ; for when once a sourness of disposition becomes habitual, there is no alkaline in nature sufficiently powerful, to correct the heart-burnings and bitterness of a dissatisfied temper. A person, so affected, like one infected with the plague, necessarily spreads the contagion of discontent around her. Her parents lament the badness of her disposition ; her other relations and connections are sensible of aversion, instead of affection, towards her ; and her servants regret that the irksomeness of servitude is aggravated by receiving their subsistence from a tyrant, whom

whom they can neither please, respect, or love.

As gravity, which is sometimes but another name for dulness, has been frequently mistaken for wisdom, so is chearfulness often accepted for good-humour. But that species of chearfulness which we meet with in society, that laughs in the eye, and lights up the countenance, generally proceeds rather from an ebullition of the spirits, than a designed and consistent exertion of our powers to please, and is more frequently the result of a lively than a placid disposition. As it flows from an accidental cause, its effects must necessarily be precarious; it is, therefore, subject to causeless and sudden dejection, to which habitual good-humour is by no means liable.

Distinct as these two qualities are, they have yet one property common to both, and at the same time different from what can be imputed to any other happy endowment; which is, that they are most meritorious where they are least natural. An idiot may be constitutionally good-humoured, and a villain be chearful, from a glow of health or a flow of spirits; but that species of good-humour which is the result of sense, virtue, and gratitude to Providence, will be uniform in its appearance, and consistent in its manners; it will not, like an April day, lour and shine almost in the same moment; nor, like the flaming heats of July, will the brightness of the meridian sun foretel the approaching thunder; but clear, calm and undisturbed, shall it

shine on, even to its latest hour.

Such a blessed state of mind must necessarily communicate the happiness it feels all around it, Like the smooth stream, it reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours; while the turbulent and ruffled spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation.

This beautiful simile has a double claim to female attention; for rage, jealousy, or any other ungentle passion, deform the fairest face almost as much as they degrade the mind, and 'can unsex the loveliest of the lovely kind, even from the top to the toe.'

But there is a higher and a stronger motive than any I have yet mentioned, for "possessing our souls in gentleness," if we presume to call ourselves Christians. Shall the disciple of a suffering Saviour, dare to resent with furious outrage the real or imaginary injuries she may receive? Or can she kneel before the throne of mercy, and supplicate the God of peace and good will to man, for pardon or protection, while her heart is agitated with a spirit of malice or revenge towards a fellow creature frail as her wretched self? This were an insult upon piety, a mockery of devotion!

We are assured that God rejects the proud, and that an humble and a contrite heart are precious in his sight. Shall we then cast away the heart felt transport of thinking ourselves under the guidance

guidance and protection of an Almighty Providence, to sacrifice to Moloch? And give away the birth-right of the redeemed, for the sad privilege of torturing ourselves? For Providence has wisely ordained, that all the malevolent passions of the human breast should prey upon their possessors. Peace never dwelt with envy, rage, or hate.

As marriage among Christians is of divine institution, all married persons should consider a proper conduct towards each other, as the fulfilling of a religious duty. To promote harmony, peace, order, and happiness in their families, is the mutual and undoubted obligation both of man and wife. This rule once established and reduced to practice, even libertines will own that marriage is the happiest state on earth; but when the fiends of discord, rage, confusion and misery, usurp the place of those dear household gods, their very opposites, we must agree with Dr. Tillotson, and own that such a state is but "a lesser hell, in passage to the greater."

Be it your care, then, to reverse this sad idea, and by the mildness of your manners, and the sweetness of your tempers, render the marriage state a lesser heaven, in passage to the greater.

### On MODESTY.

THE attempts so successful in the fashionable world to bring modesty into disrepute, under the name of bashfulness, can

never be sufficiently execrated, as they not only tend to eradicate feminine delicacy and happiness, in that sphere of life only, but communicate degeneracy to their inferiors, and so in gradation they corrupt (if possible) the lowest line of existence, through the great prevalence of imitation. Oh! my fair countrywomen, be convinced, in departing from the walks of modesty and delicacy you depart from the charms of virtue; instead of being more alluring, you excite compassion and dislike, in proportion to your libertinism, and so wreck your peace of mind, and internal enjoyment, in "preying on garbage."—Be convinced, while you retain modesty and delicacy, you will be loved, cherished, and esteemed; as you depart from these very amiable companions, in the same degree you will depart from the empire of sterling beauty; and satiety will give birth to disgust.

W.

### OCCASIONAL PAPERS,

*Addressed to the LADIES.*

#### PAPER FIRST.

*That it is necessary to distinguish between the*

CRIME and the CRIMINAL.

WHILE it must be acknowledged with more than slight conviction, that there is much charity to be found in the world, much tender compassion, many brave efforts to relieve distresses,



trials, and a "hearing ear" to every misfortune, it is yet equally true that in many cases, we carry compassion too far, that we attend too much to the feelings of the moment, and while we are sufficiently and tenderly shocked at the sight of distress, we are too inattentive to the cause. "I know nothing of the man's vices, he asked me for half a crown and I gave it to him," is reported to have been said by Dr. Johnson to a gentleman who represented to him that the object he had just relieved was an infamous fellow, and one of his (Dr. Johnson's) enemies. "It is my custom," said another gentleman, "to give money to every beggar that I meet, because I had rather give money to fifty undeserving objects than let one pass unrelieved who stood in need of it."—There is no finding fault with principles like these, without putting an unpleasant constraint on our sympathy: for, why should we be scrupulous in our enquiries, when the subject of them is but a sorry halfpenny?

I will turn, therefore, from the consideration of this mode of charity, to another subject. I have hinted that it is possible to carry compassion too far. And this appears to be the case when, to justify our compassion for objects who have by their crimes brought mischief on their heads, we attempt to justify those crimes. This is certainly more than compassion requires, and much more than justice will admit. Yet in how many novels do we find the author exciting the best efforts of

his pen in gliding over the follies which have induced ruin, and in extenuating the crimes which have plunged a family into distress, which perhaps have consigned a daughter to destruction, and have brought the grey hairs of a tender parent with sorrow to the grave? This method of palliating crimes, admitting it to be compassionate towards the suffering object, is the greatest possible cruelty to the survivors—to those young minds easily worked upon by a tale of woe—and to those unsettled minds which cannot but be pleased to find the frailty they lean to, so elegant and ably defended.

There can be little doubt that much mischief has been done in the reading world by those palliatives. There can be little doubt that they are hurtful to weak heads, and pernicious to tender and inexperienced hearts. Let us, therefore, in exerting our compassion towards the distressed, beware of confounding their crimes and the consequences of them, so as to take off the weight of censure from the one, and of pain from the other at the same time. Besides, it ought to be considered, that this double compassion for the crime and the criminal is not really necessary. If penitence be produced by the sufferings of the object, we shall counteract the suitable effects of distress and solitude, and almost persuade her or him that they have been more unfortunate than guilty. No, let us rather leave all reflection on what is past to the poor sufferer, for the hour of reflection

reflection will be sufficient of itself, and apply ourselves to the relief of their immediate distress, so as to restore to health, happiness, and to society, one, who by penitence only can do honor to society, or reward the benevolence of friends. It would be a strange maxim in morals that we ought not to pity misfortunes without at the same time palliating and excusing the crimes which were the causes. And would it not be shocking to think, that while we rescued a penitent prostitute from the streets, we ought to convince her that she was not otherwise guilty than as being unfortunate or unsuccessful. Shocking, however, as this may appear, it must actually be the sentiment of those persons who pay that respect to prostitutes in high life, which is due only to women of virtue and character, and who think nothing of their sons having connections with a woman who has been the mistress of a lord, while they would be mighty angry if his guilt was confined to the lower order of unhappy females.

The more we endeavour to palliate those follies which lead to ruin, the more we are apt to fall into them, the more we take from the beauty, dignity, and strength of virtue; it becomes a duty, therefore, in the relief of distress, wholly to lay aside all consideration of the cause, unless in as far as different causes may occasion different exertions of benevolence: for example, a first offence, or an only offence, calls loudly for our compassion——a repetition of crimes, or a habit of vice, parti-

cularly if we discover symptoms of a hard heart, demand our pity in the same degree, but our relief in a lesser degree; for where most good may be done, most relief will naturally be administered. In a word, then, whatever we may think proper to be done in the relief of distress arising from misconduct (for that is the kind of distress I have all a long meant) let us follow the dictates of compassion as far as that and our circumstances will permit; but let us always consider that a vice which has a tendency to end in ruin is not less a vice for not having done so, and that when ruin has been the consequence, we have an additional argument against it, instead of any encouragement to defend it.

I will conclude this subject by a story. A friend of mine, who is "now among those who have been," was one day walking near his country house, and observed a man carrying two pails of water, but seemingly unable to the task. My friend, who was the most generous of all men, went up to the man and said, "Honest man, you don't seem able to carry your burthen, how came you to be employed thus?" The old man told him that carrying water to the neighbouring village was all he had to subsist upon, that he had a wife nearly as old as himself, but more sickly; that he was near seventy, and made a shift to earn two pence or three pence a day in his present employment. My friend, giving him some money, desired him to call at his house next day, and in the mean time

time enquired into his story, which he found to be true, went and paid what rent was due, and the rent per advance for two years.—When the old man came next day, he received an allowance of two shillings and six pence, which he was told he should be paid weekly, and that he might come when he pleased and receive such provisions as were left. He came consequently every day, and within two months was detected stealing—the dog's meat, which it appeared he had made a practice of stealing and selling in the village.—My friend ordered him to come no more to his house, but continued his allowance.—He considered the wretch's guilt with abhorrence—but he considered his distresses, and relieved the latter without attempting to palliate the former, which, indeed, was beyond all excuse. \*

NESTOR.

# ON CARD PLAYING.

To the EDITORS of the LADIES MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT was my lot very lately to be a witness of a scene, which proved that some snug parties do not wait for the round being over, to talk the news of the day. I was invited to Mrs. Ape'em's rout. Mrs. Ape'em is a lady in the city, who prides herself on a close imitation of the manners of the qua-

lity, and gives routes to larger companies than her house can possibly hold. But it is not my business at present to delineate her character, so much as to transcribe for your use, the conversation of one of the card-tables. Not being myself concerned in any set, I had the more opportunities of observing others, and, by the assistance of my pencil, behind a window-curtain, unseen and unobserved, I am enabled to send you the following dialogue, which you may entitle,

## THE HUMOURS OF THE CARD-TABLE;

OR,

A SILENT Game of Whist.

CHARACTERS, Mrs. and Miss SMICKET, Mr. TATTLE, and Mrs. GOBETWEEN.

SCENE—A Parlour—company at cards.

Mr. Tattle, (dealing)—So then, ladies, you profess you don't know any thing of Mr. Spruce's affair with Mrs. Hayley—the most comical affair—he—By gad—It is my opinion—sure I have not misdealt—

Miss S. I have thirteen—

Mrs. S. And I—

Mrs. G. And I—it's all right, Mr. Tattle—Mrs. Hayley was always one of these kind of people one does not like—so close, and so reserved—what's trumps?

Tattle. A diamond—The true state of the matter I believe was that—that's our trick partner—there

\* this story (if it should be true, which I doubt) ought never to be told; to the Humourist it will give great pain, & may prevent persons inclined to suspicion from giving to those who may really be deserving, better than is worthy, should receive from

there was an *absolute* necessity for the marriage—nothing less could do, I assure you.

*Miss S.* Mother, you have played twice.

*Mrs. S.* No child—count the cards—I think the widow is more to blame than he; I hate such demure sluts. I never thought she would come to any thing.

*Mrs. G.* Yes, yes; there was *Miss Stately*, our neighbour, you know what a hurry she was in to get a husband—that's my trick, Sir—and what did she get after all?

*Tattle.* He got nothing, I believe.

*Mrs. G.* Lord! *Mr. Tattle*, you are so comical—a knave—but he was only a clerk, at ninety pounds a year—for my part, I believe she bought his wedding suit for him, and paid the parson and clerk out of her own pocket—a diamond, if you have one.

*Mrs. S.* There is some widows very fortunate—sure never was a hand like mine, nothing above a three in it—my poor dear husband used to say—O I beg your pardon, Ma'am, you trumped the hearts—

*Mrs. G.* I trumped them! not I—it was a spade—there is a pretty story too, I find about your neighbour in Lombard-street.

*Tattle.* O yes! a pretty affair there too! but it is no more than I expected—now for the odd trick—take it partner.

*Miss S.* O! don't talk to me—never was such a hand—I don't think *Mr. Stick* so disagreeable a man as some do—To be sure, *Miss Biddy Flirt* might have done

better—No, Ma'am you don't get that, there's the king for you.

*Mrs. G.* Lord! who would have thought you had the queen?

*Mrs. S.* you don't mind your hits. I like that pattern of your handkerchief vastly—where did you get it?

*Mrs. S.* Of our linen-draper at the corner—a monstrous civil man.

*Tattle.* Yes, the man's well enough—*Mr. Irish* you mean—but what think you of his wife. Take up the trick, partner.

*Mrs. G.* O! she! a great fat, uncivil swab. I hate the sight of her—and yet forsooth they talk of getting a carriage—fine times.

*Mrs. S.* By the bye, they tell me that the affair we were talking of the other night, is not yet made up between *Mr.* and *Mrs. Flareit*.

*Mrs. G.* No—nor likely to be—the man must be a fool—you have got the knave.

*Mr. Tattle.* A man must be a fool not to see with his own eyes.

*Miss S.* Yes, yes; I believe the matter was very plain. La, child, why do you not take his queen?

*Tattle.* Ma'am—you shall see. Has any of you seen *Miss Popple* lately?

*Omnes.* No—

*Tattle.* O then—probably you may see (*a laugh*)—yes, yes; fine doings in the *Alley*. I thought it was not for nothing she preserved that situation. But, however, that's no business of ours.

*Mrs. G.* What! has she made a slip too?

*Tattle.*



*Tattle.* A slip! ay, a tumble too—

*Mrs. S.* Ay; you are so witty, *Mr. Tattle*, I protest there is no standing against you—whose ace is that?

*Miss S.* Now for it—I'll bet you half a crown, *Mrs. G.* we have it. I knew *Miss Popple* long ago, and never expected better from her. She was always too sentimental for me—then she used to dress so—

*Mrs. G.* Yes, I believe some part of her dress is not paid for yet—I saw a millener's bill once for fourteen pounds not paid—and I dare say it was not the only one—my trick, Sir.

*Tattle.* There, two by honours, and three by cards—*Miss Popple* has done for herself now—shall I mark the game, partner?

*Miss S.* Who deals? O! mother, it is your turn now—And they say the fellow she has gone off with was a journeyman tailor—

*Omnes.* A tailor! O my! O my! O my!

Here, Gentlemen, my account ends—and is very much at your service, if you chuse to insert it.

I am, &c.

BOB SHORTHAND.



## SELECT LETTERS,

Or Specimens of FEMALE LITERATURE.

### LETTER XI.

*Mrs. STANTON to Miss HERVEY.*

YES Maria, with the truest submission do I bend to the severity of my fate—conscious that impatient murmurings against the all-wise decrees of Providence, will but irritate that power whose wrath I humbly deprecate. Patience, my dearest, is a lenient balm for evils almost remediless, the soft consolation of a friend can produce surprising effects—I am a striking instance of its force, who can calmly philosophize under afflictions, which, notwithstanding this boasted fortitude, at times pierces my very soul—but what is this adventure which has so deeply affected my Maria? With the greater impatience do I wait for the investigation of the mystery; your description chilled me with horror: what distress must the aged pair have endured!—Death was merciful in relieving the poor old man from sufferings too mighty for humanity to sustain—and to your benevolent mother it is given to comfort the hapless widow;—but what is this—a letter—rejoice with me, thou friend of my heart, it is indeed, a letter from my Stanton—I stop to read the effusions of a faithful love.—Yes, I have read—but, O my good God! can it be—is it my Henry,

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the

the tender sympathising husband, whose heart has dictated this infernal scroll? O no, he was all gentleness, all softness, he could not wound the already afflicted—but alas! the hand—the method by which it was conveyed; all, all corroborates, and tells me I am suspected—of what—with whom—O painful suspense—but read my *only* friend, and wonder at my calmness.

“H. Stanton’s compliments to Eliza, withes not to interrupt her pleasing contemplations, by unavailing complaints or remonstrances; begs she will not, under the mask of love, exhibit a duplicity of conduct utterly detestable—as the proofs of her infamy are too strong to admit of extenuation or excuse: hope she will not attempt to palliate crimes too flagrant to be defended.” Words cannot paint my distress—what black incendiary has insinuated shocking suspicions in the mind of my husband—in vain do I torment myself, in vain study to investigate the horrid villainy. What *him*, whose pen ever traced the fondest, tenderest expressions; *him*, whose faithful love compensated for every woe, and was more than a reward for the most ignominious treatment; can he forsake, and even *ridicule*? O torture insupportable!—Yes Henry, if to weep the tedious night away in fruitless wishes for thy presence; if to pass the melancholy day alone, wandering amidst the gloomy shades, and courting solitude, merely to meditate thy worth, and for the enjoyment of that privilege, *tame*ly submit to

the most poignant raillery and contemptuous treatment—if to know no pleasure, but what arises from thinking, talking, and writing of thee; if this is a proof, the marks are indeed strong upon me, and I must plead guilty to the black indictment. But alas! I am no longer permitted to pour out my grief to thee: a message from my aunt *commanding* my presence, tears me from the only consolation my wretched fate affords.

My eyes betrayed the cruel emotions of my heart to Mrs. D—. But alas, too common are those traces of unhappiness upon my grief-worn countenance, to excite the attention of my unfeeling relations; not once did they ever attempt to wipe the distressful tear from the pale cheek of woe. A virtuous sensibility, the glory of our sex—they absolutely laugh at—and all those finer feelings of the soul, which dignify human nature, they treat as idle chimeras, adopted only by those who are distinguishable for affectation; the tear that trembles in the eye of sympathy, or the beauteous tint that flushes the sensible countenance, meet alike their envy and contempt. My cousin Charlotte, seeing me more than usually dejected, asked with an ironical air, if any thing had happened to my *caro sposo*; observing, if continual tears were the blessed effects of matrimony, she was happy in hitherto escaping the galling chain? A look which she turned upon my aunt, filled me with the most horrid suspicions, and I answered with  
scene

some acrimony, it is to be hoped Miss, your Hymen will meet with no cruel interruptions from vile incendiaries, who basely envy the happiness they cannot partake. She could not bear the pointed sarcasm, but left the room abruptly.—Upon my word Mrs. Stanton, I am surprised; is it thus you return my tenderness, in permitting your stay with my daughter, till your romantic lieutenant returns; you certainly take a proper method to make your company acceptable; but retire if you please; you are an absolute misanthropist. I need not tell you this was an effusion of my aunt's tenderness; I gladly availed myself of the permission, and respectfully withdrew. It is with horror I mention, even to you, the doubts I have of Charlotte; the look she gave my aunt, conveys a thousand tormenting ideas: on her, my friend, the dire suspicion falls, she who could take every method to separate congenial souls, may well be guilty of this last atrocious act, to swell the horrid catalogue of her crimes. Often has my Maria hinted her wish, to know what has plunged me into my present melancholy; she shall be gratified; what my tongue refused to utter, the pen shall truly delineate; my next shall transmit a true and faithful account.

Adieu, my dearest Miss Hervey, may uninterrupted felicity ever be thy lot, thou best and only friend of

ELIZA.

#### *A SKETCH of the EGYPTIAN LEARNING.*

**A**MASIS king of Egypt, was reputed one of the most learned men in the country; and, from his love of science, had shown particular marks of favour to Thales of Miletus, who visited Egypt during his reign. Between this prince and the contemporary king of Æthiopia there subsisted an emulation of a very extraordinary kind, which was maintained by alternately propounding, to each other, questions of difficult solution. The king of Egypt demanded to know of his antagonist, "What is oldest of all things? What fairest? What wisest? What most common? What most profitable? What most hurtful? What most powerful? What most easy?"—The answers of the Æthiopian were these: "The oldest of things, is Time. The fairest, Light. The wisest, Truth. The most common, Death. The most profitable, God. The most hurtful, the Devil. The most powerful, Fortune. The most easy, that which pleaseth."

These questions seemed of so great importance to Amasis, that he sent Niloxenus into Greece, to consult the wise men on the subject.

Thales, on reading the above mentioned solutions of the great Æthiopian, asked whether Amasis had approved of them? Niloxenus answered, that with some he was satisfied, and with others not. "And yet replied Thales, there

there is not one of them but is erroneous, and betrays ignorance."

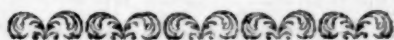
In so great esteem were such enigmatical questions held by those two kings, that they even ventured to stake whole districts of their dominions on the solution of them.

In one of those disputes, the king of Egypt, finding himself unable to maintain the contest by the assistance of his own subjects, had recourse to Bias, the wise-man of Priene, to whom he sent the following letter, by Niloxenus.

"Amasis, king of Egypt, saith thus to Bias, the wisest of the Greeks. The king of Æthiopia contendeth with me for pre-eminence in wisdom. Mastered in other things, he has at length made a very strange demand, which is no less than that I shall drink up the sea. This proposition if I resolve, I shall obtain many of his towns and cities; but if otherwise, I must lose all those which are about Elephantina. Consider of it, and send Niloxenus back with all speed. Whatever I can do for your friends and country, shall not be wanting."

When Bias received this letter, he was at Corinth, in company with the rest of the wise men, who had been invited thither by Periander. He had no sooner perused it than he whispered to Cleobulus, who happened to sit next him, and then addressing himself to Niloxenus, "What! said he, Amasis, who commands so many men, and possesses so excellent a

country, will he, for a few obscure villages, drink up the sea?" "But if he was desirous of doing so, answered Niloxenus, smiling; consider Bias, how might he be able to accomplish it?" "Bid the Æthiopian, replied Bias, withhold the rivers from running into the sea, until Amasis shall have drank that which is now sea. For the requisition concerns that only which is such at present, not what shall be hereafter." On receiving this answer, Niloxenus embraced him with joy; and the rest of the wise men applauded the solution.



#### ANECDOTE of GEORGE the III<sup>d</sup>.

AT the late unhappy period of his Majesty's illness, when every word was weighed, when every look was scanned, several of the attendants at Windsor were more than once thrown into astonishment at the remarks of their illustrious Sufferer.

One afternoon Colonel G— was desirous to play a game at draughts with the Sovereign, by way of passing the time away. His Majesty as at other intervals, uncommonly lucid, kept his adversary's skill on the watch for an advantageous move. At length the opportunity arrived, when the Colonel, exulting, said, 'Now, Sir, I shall beat you, for I am going to make a king.'—'Then,' said the Monarch, looking significantly, 'you cannot make a more unhappy thing!'

POETICAL



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

*For the Ladies Magazine.*

## AN ELEGY.

*Addressed to Miss P——'s.*

LOW at those feet where  
 wealth and pow'r gives laws,  
 Let others prostitute their venal  
 strain;  
 And air-blown piles of undeserv'd  
 applause,  
 Build for the weak, the wicked,  
 and the vain.

With nobler cause my Muse sin-  
 cere is fir'd,  
 The soul-felt rapture of a well  
 plac'd love;  
 On which my heart still feasting,  
 still untir'd,  
 In mutual bliss life's moment  
 will improve.

For all the virtues that her sex  
 can claim,  
 All that e'er fill'd enamour'd  
 poet's song;  
 With sense superior, and a spot-  
 less fame,  
 To the sweet mistress of my  
 lays belong.

Her generous mind with nothing  
 base is stain'd,  
 Its thought quite honest, as her  
 looks imply;

Her words and actions are alike  
 unfeign'd,  
 Guile's unacquainted with her  
 voice or eye.

A noble delicacy forms her taste,  
 An elegant simplicity her air;  
 Her sentiments is just, her man-  
 ners chaste,  
 Oh! she is all my chosen wish  
 and care.

To vain coquets she leaves the  
 cruel joy,  
 Of meanly acting under forc'd  
 disguise,  
 Who rack with hope and fear till  
 they destroy,  
 And wear away that love which  
 most they prize.

From rectitude of mind the vir-  
 tuous maid,  
 My passion view'd with sympa-  
 thy divine;  
 Such nice discernment wants no  
 foreign aid,  
 Her faithful temper felt the  
 faith of mine.

Since thus with rapture has my  
 soul been blest,  
 Unknown to those who cannot  
 doat like me;  
 To love's soft servitude I'm  
 wholly prest,  
 And nought abhor so much as  
 being free.

Then

Then haste the period that so slow  
appears,  
And may kind Providence my  
days prolong;  
To soothe with constant love her  
future years,  
And guard her steps from vio-  
lence and wrong.

If in our journey through life's  
doubtful course,  
With smooth tranquility I  
chiefly move;  
Each sweet enjoyment still will  
have its force,  
In my dear D\*\*\*\*'s unremitted  
love.

But if the tempest of misfortune  
blows,  
And fell adversity besets me  
round;  
My balmy consolation and repose,  
In her soft bosom will be always  
found.

CASTALIO.

W I N T E R.

*Inscribed to Miss——*

**A** DIEU ye groves, adieu ye  
plains,  
All nature mourning lies;  
See gloomy clouds, and thick'-  
ning rains,  
Obscure the lab'ring skies.

See from afar th' impending storm,  
With sullen haste appear;  
See winter comes, a dreary form,  
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with game-  
some bound,  
Rejoice the gladden'd sight;  
No more the gay enamell'd  
ground,  
Or sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, O Maria! much lov'd  
maid,  
Thy early charms shall fail;  
The rose must droop, the lily fade,  
And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,  
May rise on active wing;  
Again the sportive herd may play,  
And hail reviving spring.

But youth, my fair, sees no return,  
The pleasing bubbles o'er;  
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,  
They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl! that time  
improve,  
Which art can ne'er regain;  
In blissful scenes of mutual love,  
With some distinguish'd swain.

So shall life's spring like jocund  
May,  
Pass smiling and serene;  
Thus summer, autumn, glide a-  
way,  
And winter close the scene.

D.

CHILDHOOD REGRETTED.

**M**Y inmates are hush'd in  
repose;  
Loud whistles the wintry blast;  
I'll make up a neat little fire,  
And think of the days that are  
past.

My

My hour of enjoyment is come,  
Unnotic'd I'll sit down and sigh;  
The wife cannot blame what I do,  
The curious can't question me  
why.

My Selima purs by my side,  
Or heavily sleeps on the floor;  
Alas! she's grown stupid and  
old,  
Her tricks will delight me no  
more.

Oh the days, when those tricks  
could delight,  
I was happy, and active, and  
blythe;  
I sported, I danc'd, and I sung,  
And envy'd no creature alive.

Unembitter'd and full were my  
joys,  
Then my heart in my laughter  
partook;  
I fear'd not the truth of my  
friends,  
I saw no neglect in their look.

Oh! ye days, will ye never return,  
Ye are fled, like a dove thro' the  
air;  
And now each new year as it  
comes,  
But brings me addition of care.

Born to trouble, possess'd of a  
heart,  
That bleeds at imagin'd distress,  
That loves to anticipate pain,  
Oh! how can my sorrows be  
less!

Of the friends that my childhood  
rever'd,  
Some have found a release from  
their pain;

And others, capricious in love,  
Wound my soul with their  
cruel disdain.

The pleasures my childhood pur-  
su'd,  
Now trivial and tasteless I find;  
And those that by custom succeed,  
Oft leave but repentance behind.

Now the curious examine my  
life,  
The slanderer blackens my  
fame;  
The envious repeat the false tale,  
And the idle are ready to blame.

I wish to live free from reproach,  
To be peaceful, and pious, and  
pure;  
But alas! ev'ry hour I offend,  
Nor find for my frailty a cure.

If youth is the season of joy,  
What hopes of relief, O my  
soul!  
Thy woes with thy years will  
increase,  
Till death puts an end to the  
whole.

O death! thou'rt the end of our  
cares,  
But yet in idea the worst;  
To be hid from the light of the  
sun,  
Forgotten, to lie in the dust.



### A COMPLAINT.

STILL apprehending death  
and pain,  
To whom great God should I  
complain,  
To whom pour out my tears,  
But

But to the pow'r that gave me  
breath,  
The arbiter of life and death,  
The ruler of the spheres?

Soon to the Grave's Cimmerian  
shade,  
I must descend without thine aid,  
To stop my spirit's flight;  
Leave my dear partner here be-  
hind,  
And blooming babe, whose op'-  
ning mind,  
Just lets in Reason's light.

When she, solicitous to know,  
Why I indulge my silent woe,  
Clings fondly round my neck,  
My passions then know no com-  
mand,  
My heart with swelling griefs ex-  
pands,  
Its tender fibres break.

Father of the Creation wide,  
Why hast thou not to man deny'd  
The silken tie of Love?  
Why food celestial let him taste,  
Then tear him from the rich re-  
past,  
Real miseries to prove?

A. B.

*For the Ladies Magazine.*

AN ADDRESS to R. P.

ALPHONSO, say! whilst  
some by folly sway'd,  
The lash of keen, satyric pen  
excite;  
Whilst ignorance some, whilst  
others vice degrade,  
And various failings, ridicule in-  
vite:

How canst thou reason, and how  
still unite,  
The social qualities—with judg-  
ment clear,  
And how this pow'r acquire, to  
act aright;  
And ever 'scape the keen, repent-  
ant tear?

To view alike the gay and gloomy  
hour,  
We know, philosophy can teach  
the mind;  
Whilst others cease to feel, who  
boast its pow'r,  
Combin'd in you, it fully do we  
find.

EMMA.

# STANZAS.

AH! what avails to hopeless  
love,  
The splendors of departing day--  
The music of the awaken'd grove,  
Where Nature's warblers tune  
the lay!

Creation's thousand charms are  
lost,  
To him in vain her pow'r  
display'd,  
Whose heart, in madd'ning  
tumults lost,  
Dwells raptur'd on some faith-  
less maid.

No varying seasons are confess'd,  
Unmark'd does he the change  
behold,  
Who feels within his tortur'd  
breast,  
The summer's heat, and wintry  
cold.

F.  
FOREIGN



## Foreign News.

Vienna, Sept. 25.

THE Spanish ambassador at this court made an official communication on last Saturday, of his Catholic Majesty's disposition to co-operate with Austria and Prussia in their endeavours to re-establish good order and tranquility in France, by making a powerful diversion on his side; for which purpose he had ordered a body of troops to march towards Pyrenees, to be in readiness to act when it should be necessary.

Sept. 29. We are informed, by our letters from Constantinople, by the way of Venice, that the charge des affaires of the court of Peterburgh had communicated to the Reis Effendi, a note, demanding permission for eight ships of the line, and the same number of frigates, to pass the Dardanelles, in order to act against the French. The Reis Effendi testified his surprise at a requisition of this nature, and flatly refused it, alledging the last treaty of peace by which that of Kainardge was confirmed.

Straßbourg, Oct. 4. The three hundred prisoners taken in the Palatinate arrived here this day.—The general's advance guards, and regimental bands of music, accompanied by an immense mob preceded them. The Jacobines received them as brothers, making the air resound with the tune of *ca ira*, performed on the various instruments. The decree respecting deserters, and other pa-

pers tending to seduce the enemy's armies, were distributed to them in the French and German languages. It is reported that the inhabitants of Spire and Mayence exclaimed, with a perfect good will, *vive la nation*.

### FRENCH NATIONAL CONVENTION—September, 26.

M. Le Brun, Minister of foreign affairs, presented to the Convention, the following general view of Europe, as it respects France.

"The principles adopted among us, have brought upon us the hatred of all kings, but thy people are our friends. The crisis in which the Republic now stands is not the most dangerous. In the spring all the kings of Europe will be leagued against us.

"If we have every thing to fear from their hatred, their mutual jealousy and mistrust, as well as a variety of other circumstances which may happen in the course of six months, ought to free us from every uneasiness.

"That woman of the North, who for twenty years has disturbed the peace of Europe, threatens us, she still announces the arrival of her troops, and yet she still detains them, through a dread of seeing herself oppressed by her neighbours.

We are told, that 30,000 Russians are coming to join those armies which are now fighting against our liberty—those 30,000 men have not yet passed the frontiers of Poland. We have been told of ships in the White Sea—those ships have returned to the

G

port

port of Cronstadt, because they were neither provided with provisions or ammunition. A fleet was also said to be coming from the Black Sea, but this fleet, so long announced, has not yet appeared. Besides, to send a fleet through the straits of Constantinople would be violating every kind of treaty with the Ottoman Porte, which is not much disposed to grant favours to the Heroine of the North.

"Poland, a prey to intestine divisions, can undertake nothing abroad.

"Denmark, its interests require that it should observe the strictest neutrality.

"The court of Vienna has at length prevailed upon the German empire to declare war against France. We may expect that the Diet of Ratisbon will soon formally notify to us this resolution.

"The union of the courts of Berlin and Vienna has been blamed by all powers. The war which they carry on against us cannot fail of being prejudicial to themselves.

"A secret fermentation which encreases every day prevails at Berlin. Frederic has demanded a reinforcement of 30,000 men. They cannot be sent to him without incurring the danger of an insurrection. He can hope for no farther assistance in money, and the treasures accumulated by Frederic the Great are exhausted.

"There is a secret intelligence between the Cabinet of St. James and that of the Hague. These two courts seem to follow the

same system, and they have declared that they mean to observe a strict neutrality. All their protestations however, ought not to inspire us with confidence. Holland has not taken up arms against us, but it furnishes certain supplies to our enemies; and though England has not only a very small fleet in its parts, it has such resources as may enable it to equip a very formidable one in a moment.

"Spain has only 25,000 men ready to march against us. We need not doubt that this court will take a very active part in the war against the French republic. A Bourbon is upon the throne of Spain, and he wishes to avenge the Bourbons.

"The petty Princes of Italy always follow that plan which is dictated to them by the strongest party."

*Paris, Oct. 11.* A grand civic festival, on account of the successes of the French armies, is to be celebrated in this capital, on Sunday next.

The Convention has voted twenty millions of livres, for cloathing and equipping the troops.

In the late attack of Spire, the Austrians are stated to have lost 800 men, besides a great number who were mortally wounded.

Twenty were killed, and thirty wounded on the side of the French.

Four hundred waggon loads of ammunition and stores have been brought from Spire to Landau; about twice as much still remains in the magazines. Five pair of colours,

colours, taken by General Custine, are now suspended from the roof of the Hall in which the Convention sit.

The Austrian prisoners, to the amount of 2900, on their arrival at Landau, refused all nourishment whatever, having been told that they would be poisoned by the French. Their officers are permitted to return upon parole: The French expect to make what they term good citizens of the privates, whom they treat with every degree of attention.

*London, Oct. 12.* Some harsh means have been used, it is thought, to oblige the King of Poland to sign his recantation. Nothing but the threats of the torture could have forced him to act so ingloriously. Probably the Empress will urge him also to recal the medals presented to those persons in this country, who interested themselves in the Polish subscription.

The Roman Catholics of Ireland, who have been divided with respect to the Petition of Parliament, to grant them the right of Elective Franchise, are now united. They speak their sentiments in bold language, and young Burke, for what reason we know not, continues their agent.

Of the truth of the Russian invasion, and the winter campaign they are to make in France, we may judge by the account of their march. It has been said at Vienna, that they are passing through Poland, at the rate of 14 and 16 leagues a day!

A report prevailing yesterday in some of the best circles, of tu-

mults in Ireland, between the Catholics and Protestants, in which much blood has been shed. It comes indistinctly, and, we hope, untruly; but was so far believed, as to be, at least worthy of mention.

The Empress of Russia has got the most complete possession of Poland, where she means to support a very formidable military establishment.

The ambassadors from Prussia and Austria, have each of them transmitted a note to the Elector Palatine, signifying that their Imperial and Royal Majesties expected that, in consideration of the actual situation of the King of France, the Count d'Assigny, Minister from that Court, should be ordered to retire from the Electorate; the request was complied with accordingly.

October 16. The three thousand men commanded by General Winckelman, at Spire, have almost all either been killed, drowned in the Rhine, or made prisoners, after a very gallant defence against seventeen or eighteen thousand of the enemy's troops. The French were distant a league only from Kirchheim-Poland, from whence the Prince of Nassau Weilbourg had hastily retreated to Weilbourg, carrying off the most precious of his effects.

By advices from Cologne, dated the 6th instant, it appears to be the intention of the French General, Custine, to push on to Mayence, Darmstadt, and Frankfort, even to penetrate into the valuable effects. A yacht has conveyed to Coblenz the Prussian military

litary chest, the archives, church ornaments, &c.

Letters from Lisle mention, that it was M. Rualt, the commander, and M. Andre, the mayor of that place, who persuaded the inhabitants, that it rather became them to be buried beneath its ruins, than to surrender. This advice, and the example they set, had so great an effect, that the Austrians were obliged to raise the siege, after having set fire to a great number of houses, ravaged the plains and environs, and having themselves sustained a very considerable loss.



## Domestic News.

*Philadelphia, December 5.*

**Y**ESTERDAY being the day fixed by the Constitution of the Commonwealth, for the meeting of the *General Assembly*, a number of the members of both Houses, sufficient to constitute a quorum, convened at the State-house in this city.

The returns of the elections were read, from which it appeared, that the under named persons were returned as Representatives for the ensuing year.

*First Session of the Third House of Representatives.*

*Philadelphia city*—Jacob Hiltzheimer, John Swanwick, George Latimer, Benjamin R. Morgan, Henry Kammerer.

*Philadelphia county*—Robert Hare, Thomas Britton, Thomas Forrest, John Lardner.

*Bucks*—John Chapman, Gerardus Wynkoop, Ralph Stover, James Bryan.

*Chester*—Dennis Wheling, Charles Dilworth, John Hannum, Samuel Sharp.

*Lancaster*—James Morrison, Abraham Carpenter, Samuel Boyd, James Old, Joseph Work, John Breakbill.

*York*—John Stewart, Alexander Turner, Thomas Thornburgh, Thomas Lilly, Philip Lardner, William M'Pherson.

*Berks*—Charles Shoemaker, Paul Gros, Baltzer Gehr, John Ludwig, Nicholas Lutz, Abraham Lincoln, William Lewis.

*Cumberland*—James Howard, George Schoben, Rundle Greold.

*Northampton*—Peter Burkhalter, Thomas Mowhorter, Jacob Eyrely, jun. Thomas Hortman.

*Bedford*—Abraham Cable, George Woods.

*Luzerne*—Simon Spalding.

*Huntington*—John Cannon.

*Northumberland*—Samuel Day, John White.

*Westmoreland*—Abraham Hendricks, Charles Lavenguire.

*Washington*—Thomas Stockley, Daniel Leet, John Cannon, David Bradford.

*Fayette*—Albert Gallatin, Joseph Torrence.

*Franklin*—James Johnston, John Ray.

*Montgomery*—Isaiah Davis, Joshua Tyson, Cadwallader Evans, James Shoemaker.

*Dauphin*—William Brown, Stacy Potts, Jacob Miley.

*Alleghany.*



*Alleghany*—Thomas Morton, David Robinson.

*Mifflin*—John Oliver.

*Delaware*—Joseph Gibbons, James West.

*Forty five members attended, and after the reading of the returns, a motion for adjournment was made and agreed to.*

#### SENATORS.

*City and county of Philadelphia*—John Sellers, Anthony Morris, Samuel Powell.

*Chester*—Richard Thomas.

*Bucks*—Thomas Jenks.

*Montgomery*—Lindsey Coats.

*Northampton*—Robert Brown.

*Lancaster and York*—Alexander Scott, — Edie, Michael, and — Smyser.

*Berks and Dauphin*—Gabriel Heitter, — Hannah.

*Cumberland and Mifflin*—Thomas Kennedy.

*Northumberland, Luzerne, and Huntingdon*—William Montgomery.

*Bedford and Franklin*—Abraham Smith.

*Westmoreland and Alleghany*—Morris.

*Washington and Fayette*—John Smilie, and John Hoge.

*In all Eighteen, of whom the following attended, viz. Messrs. Powell, Sellers, Morris, Jenks, Coats, Montgomery, Smith, Smilie, Moore, and Hoge.*

*The Speaker (Mr. Powell) informed the Senate, that he had, during the recess, issued his writs for electing members to fill the vacancies occasioned by Mr. Gloninger in Berks and Dauphin, and by Mr. Hubley in Lancaster and York —*

*Mr. Edie has been chosen in place of the former, and Mr. Hannah in that of the latter.*

*Both Houses adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.*

*Pittsburg, Nov. 24. Thursday* last a detachment of men, under the command of Captain Brock, marched into town from Virginia.

We hear that the troops now at this place, will, this day or to-morrow, march for their winter quarters, on the Ohio, near Log's town. Captain Eaton, with a detachment of men, and a number of artificers, have, for some time past, been employed in making preparations, previous to the march of the whole army, at the place pointed out for their encampment.

*Chambersburgh, Dec. 20.* Major William M. Mahon returned last Monday from a scout of near three weeks—he pursued a party of Indians who stole horses from Carpenter's station (which is six miles from this town) about 180 milest North-west of Ohio river, where he overtook them, and killed two, wounded one, retook all the horses, got three rifles and all their baggage, with a quantity of poultry.

Last Wednesday night the Indians set fire to a stack-yard, at Tilton's station, seven miles from this place, in which was a large quantity of corn, wheat, and fodder, but the fire was discovered and extinguished before much damage was done.

*Norwich, Dec. 6.* A Captain, from the port of New London, lately shipped through mistake,

a female disguised in the habit of a Tar, who performed the duties of a fresh water sailor in an admirable manner, so as to preclude a discovery of her sex till she actually arrived in the West Indies. —While Congress are about establishing a new act for the more effectual purpose of encouraging American seamen; this heroine has lent her aid to the brave sons of *Neptune*, by proposing the introduction of her sex, as a means of excluding a great number of British Jacks, who are, to the great detriment of our commerce, constantly employed in the American trade.

### MARRIAGES.

In *Philadelphia*.—Capt. Thomas Woodward to Miss Margaret Houston.—Mr. William Story jun. late of Boston, to the amiable Miss Lydia Philips.—Mr. John Morgan to Miss Mary Smith, daughter of William Smith, Esq. of this city.—Mr. Ephraim Clark to Miss Hannah Claypoole.—Mr. Jacob H. Betterton to Miss Rebecca Grayberry.

### DEATHS.

At *New York*.—Mr. Patrick M'Davitt. A citizen 36 years; an honest, and a truly honorable man.

In *Pennsylvania*.—At *Philadelphia*. Mrs. Mary Baulh, wife of Mr. Adam Baulh, in the 45th year of her age. In her the unfortunate husband has experienced the loss of a loving compani-

on, and a large family of small children, is left to lament the untimely death of a tender and affectionate mother. Mr. James Baird, of Jamaica, in the 28th year of his age. Mr. Roger Flahaven, sen. in the 64th year of his age; regretted by all who knew him. He was a staunch whig during the war, and a firm patriot in all his opinions and actions.

At *Wilmington*.—Mr. James Adams, Printer; in the 68th year of his age. His funeral was attended by a great concourse of people; as he was highly esteemed by all who knew him, for the benevolence of his disposition, the inoffensiveness of his behaviour, and the purity of his manners.

In *Virginia*.—Arthur Lee, Esq. He died of a pleurisy; aged 51. It is difficult to do justice to the eminent character of this gentleman, without appearing to those who were little acquainted with him, to flatter and exaggerate. Yet truth and justice will oblige the historian to say, when he comes to pourtray the worthies of America, that a finer and more enlightened patriot, a more virtuous or deserving citizen, an earlier or more constant friend to the liberties of his country, never flourished this side the Atlantic.

At *Kingston*—(*Jamaica*) An old free Lady, of the darker hue, whom either chance or vanity had dignified with the name of Martha Saliman. She has done penance in this miserable world, for the period of a century and upwards.

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